THE COMMONWEAL

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WILL THERE BE DAWN IN MEXICO?

RUMORS of a settlement in Mexico have been proclaimed with hurrahs by that same "boosters' committee" which has all along supported the efforts of Ambassador Morrow. We are, ourselves, anything but anxious to disparage his work. Having undertaken a task which, for one reason or another, was exceedingly difficult, he clung to a plan, a hope, with remarkable tenacity and skill. But commending the ambassador for his achievement is one thing. Puffing on it as one would at a soap bubble or a toy balloon is another. Scarcely had the news come that Portes Gil had deigned to receive Archbishop Ruiz, apostolic delegate to Mexico—a man more distinctly entitled by a dozen different reasons to reside in his native country than the figurehead now perched in the chief executive chair—than we were asked to believe that the "Church question" had been settled, that the prelates were returning to their sees, and that Mexico (to quote the words used by Marshal Lyautey at Amiens) was singing alleluia in the cathedrals. The archbishop was therefore constrained to say: "It is my duty to make it known that up to the present no arrangement or agreement of any kind has been concluded, there being no further foundation for these rumors than the willingness publicly expressed by the President of Mexico to confer with me regarding these matters."

And that is the truth. What is the origin of the bland deceit, the empty promises, the downright ignorance of facts, which prevails regarding the situation in Mexico? The answer is simple: officials of the United States believe they cannot afford either to permit thorough investigation of the results of their policy in Mexico by the world at large or to invite the scrutiny of public opinion at home. There are reasons for maintaining this policy—reasons of financial and diplomatic defense. It is not secure, however, while the religious issue remains, and so we are now expected to believe that if "peace with the Church" can, in a measure, be restored, all is well. One part of a concerted effort is to minimize the Catholic conflict. We have read dozens of times recently statements declaring "registration of priests" the only point at issue. Not long ago Time, the weekly review, repeated this curious remark editorially. Yet everybody who has even the remotest awareness of what has been happening in Mexico realizes that "registration" has not been an issue since 1926. Obregon knew it was not an issue. Ambassador Morrow himself must have known

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it. The matters at stake were all clearly outlined in the memorial presented to the Mexican legislature on September 6, 1926. This dignified and comprehensive plea, which Bishop Pascual Diaz himself once commented upon in these columns, has been virtually ignored by the official press on both sides of the Rio Grande.

The most important demands expressed in this document were: establishment, as part of constitutional law, of religious liberty for all faiths; acknowledgment of the right of parents to give their children instruction in the Faith, and of the legitimacy of religious schools; the concession to religious communities to settle in the country, to own property, and to do the work of prayer and charity; recognition of the independence of ecclesiastical authority, in matters pertaining to the Church, from civil rule; and defense of the just rights of the citizen, in accordance with principles held internationally by all good governments. All this would not constitute much of a program in the United States. But in Mexico every single entry runs counter to views which the party in power, maintained and subsidized by the United States, has expressed for years. At present the shepherds of the Church, anxious not to halt the ministry to souls longer than human weakness can bear, may not press all their former demands. One may be sure, however, that religious peace and prosperity cannot, in any country, be secured more cheaply than they are among ourselves. Faith can live in the catacombs —but it too, we may say to an age which seems to believe an oil well more important than conscience, has a right to a place in the sun.

Between the achievement of that right and the present circumstances there lies a Mexican revolutionary effort which has plunged a nation into disaster. Every aspect of the scene is harrowing. Industry has ceased to function, banditry of all sorts has flourished, the individual's freedom to speak and act as a citizen has been destroyed, education has ended, and telephone poles are still grim with bodies offered as a holocaust to the whims of bloated corporals. It is not easy to hurrah under those circumstances. It is not a simple matter to believe that the Church can prosper or find peace in the midst of such desolation. Mr. Morrow has ridden patiently down the long and bitter trail. His has been the performance of a sterling trooper, and we honor it. But in so far as either Mexico or our own country is concerned, we shall believe in dawn only when that trail begins to turn. Perhaps it really has with the going of Archbishop Ruiz to Mexico City. We shall soon be in a position to know.

The latest news indicates that a harassed and persecuted people is hoping, once again, for the remedying of its woes. Men of good-will, to whatever group or faith they may belong, will join in that prayer. Conceivably enough, failure may again be the fruit of patience and effort; but these themselves have never been in vain; and must sometime be rewarded, if only with the immemorial burden of the cross.

WEEK BY WEEK

To Caesar What Is Caesar's

OF COURSE the altercation between Pope Pius and Mussolini has surprised many people. Those who felt sure that an alliance had been effected between Fascism and the Catholic Church must have got no end of a shock out of the circumstance that, before the Lateran treaties had even been so much as signed, so intransigent a stand should have been taken by the Holy Father. On the other hand those who have hoped, with considerable anxiety, for a new order of things in which Catholic affairs in Italy would be freed from the burdens incident to politics, can hardly help seeing that the horizon is far from gleaming with rosy-fingered dawn. The real object of the agreement reached is, from the Vatican point of view, to secure for the Church a status independent of the intellectual and social control of governing factions. Under the old liberal régime this object was important enough; but with Fascism in the saddle, it has become an inescapable necessity. Mussolini probably understands this very well, and no doubt even hopes that the development of Catholic strength in Italy will serve his own interests. Nevertheless he seems to fear that this development may proceed too far, and so feels that emphatic restatement of the unparalleled greatness of Fascism may act as a curb. One must not place too high a valuation upon verbal passages at arms. The coming conflict between Catholicism and political Italy will, in all likelihood, not differ radically from past struggles. What matters is that the battle has been shifted to new territory, where it may continue protractedly and indefinitely.

MUSSOLINI'S address can only be properly understood if one correlates it with the flood of opinions regarding the treaties which has deluged the press in Italy and all parts of Europe. Evidently Il Duce wished to impress upon everybody that he was not abdicating and that he was determined to make Italy continue to follow his prescriptions. Many of the rumors have, of course, been utterly absurd. Thus New York Jewish dailies carried, on May 16, a news item to the effect that Italian Catholic editors were demanding that all Jews be expelled from the land, so that a nation "100 percent Catholic would no longer be defiled." We have not been able to trace the origin of this despatch, which probably owes its existence to some feverish imagination. Of course it may well have happened that a violently anti-Semitic journalist expressed his prejudices; but the tenor of the news despatch indicates the appalling lack of information which still persists regarding hostility to the Jew. History shows clearly that the Roman ghetto was never molested by the papal government in the old states of the Church, and that this ghetto was even a place of refuge for many who fled from other parts

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of Europe. Modern anti-Semitism owes its rise to intense nationalistic feeling, and rightly sees in Voltaire one of its first and foremost apostles. Oddly enough the despatch referred to insists that Mussolini has quashed the threat on the ground that the Jew is entitled to remain in Italy because he was there during imperial Roman days! So, for that matter, were the vestal virgins. The rumor is a fair sample of gossip about the concordat which flourishes the world over.

CONGRESSIONAL indecision on the much-debated question of a summer recess has produced some queer results. The tariff and farm relief measures, knotty questions having no connection with the threat to keep the Houses in session throughout the dog-days, face filibusters in order that certain dissatisfied and otherwise impotent elements may gain their ends. Even such simple legislation as the reapportionment bill has been complicated by bracketing it with the seemingly related, but actually extraneous, matter of the 1930 census in an injudicious effort to cram necessary business into a few weeks. Exodus from Washington, you know, is desirable. In such hustle the census-reapportionment bill, made more complex by various amendments, faces the probability of postponement until after the contemplated recess and the added possibility of not being passed at all. Meanwhile in conferences between Senate and House, Senator Wagner's proposal that census enumerators should be placed under the Civil Service Commission has been discarded. It is disappointing that so little heed has been paid to a provision the soundness of which can be scarcely questioned, and that it has gone down under purely political attack. New York state, through its sad experience with Mrs. Florence K. Knapp, has learned the evils inherent in unrestricted census appointments. Some day, it is to be hoped, the country as well will recognize the unwisdom of selecting enumerators on a patronage basis.

To Recess or not to Recess

WE KNOW precious little about Rosika Schwimmer, upon whom the Supreme Court has showered fame through its refusal to grant her plea for naturalization. She professed inability to answer in the affirmative Question 22, which inquires into one's readiness to bear arms in defense of the country. This query Mme. Schwimmer sought to dodge. She observed that she was both feminine and past forty-nine, but the majority of the justices considered this language vague and ambiguous—though to the flippant it will seem remarkably frank. The Court pointed out that the defendant had spoken as an uncompromising pacifist, had confessed to having "no nationalistic feeling," and had said that "my cosmic consciousness of belonging to the human family is shared by all who believe that human beings are the children of God." Thereupon it proceeded to argue much as follows: precedent has demonstrated that "the very conception of a just government and its duty to the citizen includes the reciprocal obligation of the citizen to render military service in case of need"; a pacifist, though she may not be obliged to serve personally, may talk others out of serving; and so the present pacifist, Rosika Schwimmer, would be a menace as a citizen. The minority report, delivered by Mr. Justice Holmes, declared that the candidate was in all other respects the possessor of a clean bill of health, and that her opposition to war, while amusingly optimistic, was fundamentally not much different from opposition to mosquitoes. Indeed, the report added, with deft pertinence, what is to be our attitude toward the Quakers? And verily it is difficult to see how William Penn would get into the country under the present conditions.

Squads Right!

WE CONFRONT here an exceedingly complex moral problem, which has been raised frequently enough in the past but never quite so pointedly in the United States. Does citizenship necessarily imply military service? In theory it most certainly does not. The "civis Romanus" was probably distinguished by the circumstance that he could hire somebody else to do his fighting. During the ages which followed martial careers were reserved for a social class and its retainers. One principle has survived clearly out of that time—the emancipation of clerics from army duty; but other principles, such as the dictum of Saint Thomas that one could not participate in a war unless one's conscience approved, have been pretty well lost sight of. With the rise of modern nationalism, it is clear, circumstances changed radically. One government after another adopted the notion of a "citizen army." Defense against the enemy became virtually impossible unless a nation assumed that it, too, had the right to draft its subjects. Worthy of note is the fact that the United States did not approve the selective draft idea until 1917, and that various eminent statesmen, including Daniel Webster, had spoken against it. Meanwhile here is Rosika Schwimmer. When the Chief Justices do not agree regarding her powers and perils, why should any other group of citizens try to reach agreement? But we sincerely hope that the next naturalization officer who confronts a nice, intelligent, elderly lady who professes an eagerness to become American and a horror of fighting, he will benignantly and solemnly blink one eye.

THE Columbia commencement address of Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins employed more fortunate words than that of Professor Robert E. Rogers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which has already become notorious because it reiterated the gospel of snobbery. Yet the thought behind Dr. Robbins's speech is not dissimilar to what must really have prompted Professor

Mass Snobbery

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Rogers, by fallaciously emphasizing the importance of material well-being, to exaggerate the necessity of high self-valuation. There is little distinction between the advice to New York students to keep themselves free from the "base and dismal groupings" which pretend to be the voice of the people, and the Massachusetts council "not to drop in speech, manners and general intelligence, and [go] to the level of the crowd that has not had the opportunities" of higher education. Dr. Robbins rightly notes that "there is nothing inherently moral about a group of men acting or willing in concert and that the voice of the people is not the voice of God." Indeed there is more supercilious complacency in the man who goes with the crowd than in him who is impelled by every instinct of intelligence, rectitude and good taste to withdraw from participation in those things which are condoned merely because they are widely practised. If he is willing to step into the position of leader, fully appreciative of the possibilities of doing good, humble before the realization of the fallibility of human wisdom, confident in the soundness of convictions, he need not fear the trite slander of being characterized "snob" or "high-hat."

Minor Note

WE APPROVED in these columns a few weeks ago the opinion of Professor Bernard Fay that the French-American entente cordiale, the triumphant survivor of some rough going in the past, is probably destined to continue unabated into the indefinite future. Recent observations sent from Paris to the Outlook and Independent by Mr. T. R. Ybarra suggest that the rough going has not been entirely confined to the past. In the first place, according to Mr. Ybarra, the American cocktail is so popular that "it is causing acute worry among the conservatives of France." "American Bars" spring up like mushrooms, and in appalling numbers of drawing-rooms teas are given at which, investigators report, "the one beverage served is not tea." The resulting criticism comes, instructively enough, not on the score of health, but because the youth "have got their palates into such awful shape from steady consumption of horrid American-mixed beverages that they are incapable of enjoying Burgundy or Bordeaux, or savoring its fine points, of appreciating its exquisite qualities." In the second place, Mr. Ybarra notes, juvenile crime is on the increase throughout France. Anyone whose centres of association are working will not need to read the paragraph to the end to realize that this has automatically prompted the gravest strictures on the American movie. We do not quote these details by way of rescinding our agreement with Professor Faÿ, who is a sound historian. But perhaps we all need the journalist and reporter, keen on the concrete present, to feed our historical generalizations and to show us what fantastically trivial factors may trouble even a predestined amity and disturb relationships which, regarded on any deep basis should be genuinely secure.

Current Events in Ripon

THE day which had been intended (from the beginning of time) for the diamond jubilee of the Republican party found a large gathering of state senators, judges, members of the assembly, mayors, county clerks, city attorneys, state commissioners, county superintendents, town chairmen and so forth at Ripon, Wisconsin. But two notables were missing: one being Governor Kohler, and the other Secretary of War Good, whose presence was expected to lend some federal prestige to Ripon's claim to be known as the birthplace of the G. O. P. While waiting for these headliners it was necessary to provide amusement for the other guests. And across the street from jubilee headquarters was a saloon. The idea resulting from this combination of circumstances proved, as it were, irresistible. The waiting guests invaded the saloon and all therein was proceeding merrily when the henchmen of the law came upon the happy scene; confiscated the confiscatables, turned the crowd upon the streets and padlocked the doors.

MEANWHILE the great men from Madison and Washington had arrived, and the parade started, but the bystanders were more intent upon the raid than upon the line of march. As Assemblyman Lamoureaux put it, they turned their backs upon an issue of the past to contemplate an issue in the making. Now there are two ways of looking at this disturbance of a celebration planned to mark off the history of Republicanism, and from either of them the incident seems poetically just. First, it happened at a time when official Wisconsin was naming Ripon as the starting-point of that history. The dumping of beer upon the city pavements was as essential (if unpremeditated) a part of the ceremony as is the champagne ritual in the launching of a ship. The fact that barrels instead of bottles were used is in keeping with the elephantine implications of the name so belatedly pronounced. Secondly, most of the dry sentiment in the country has been attached to the Republican party in recent years. It is therefore only reasonable and proper that at all party functions beer should serve (if at all) the purposes of an exterior symbolism instead of an inner utility.

How to Serve Refreshments

TO MANY observers it will seem that Justice Franklin Chase Hoyt, who won the $25,000 offered by Mr. Hearst for a "temperance plan," has been studying the scholastic method. His way out of prohibition difficulties is a simple matter of defining the term "intoxicating liquors" which forms the pièce de résistance of the Eighteenth Amendment. The public has erroneously identified this with

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"alcoholic beverages"—a grave and harassing, if somewhat comic, blunder. If we now change it to read "all alcoholic products of distillation," wine and beer will come back victoriously into the taverns and all this pother about trips to Canada will cease. It is a neat scheme, detection of which in the midst of 71,248 plans must have been no end of fun. Unfortunately one does not quite see how this definition can be arrived at in public. Laws are usually held to express the intention of those who framed them, and constitutional procedure especially is replete with efforts to discern what "the fathers wanted." Therefore, since everybody knows that champagne and Pilsener were anathema to the drys of 1918, it is a little hard to surmise how their hostility can now be focused upon Bourbon and Jamaica, gin and anisette.

THEN other considerations arise. In the plan he submitted for the Hearst prize, Dr. J. M. Gibbons repudiated a number of what seemed to him false solutions of the problem. "Modification of existing legislation so as to legalize light wines and beer would not," he said, "solve the problem. That plan would leave the traffic in heavy drink still in the hands of bootleggers." To anyone who believes in true temperance for the United States, this possibility is genuinely disturbing. A decade of prohibition laws has accustomed the public to subterranean traffic in liquors; and that traffic has largely consisted, of necessity, in strong drink. Would a concession on the part of the government that wines and beers were all right strengthen its position and tend to "educate the public" away from hard beverages? Or would it prove a half-way measure, weakening the forces of control and leaving the root evil unaffected? Time alone can tell. But it is worth observing that no other country which has abandoned prohibition—and there are now several such countries—has found adoption of a wine-and-beer formula practicable. There remains the knotty question as to whether the Amendment itself can be repealed. Very likely it could be, provided sufficient time, energy and money were devoted to organizing the citizenry against it. Meanwhile, however, we are probably headed for some such tentative solution as that proposed by Justice Hoyt. Ultimately, of course, we do want the people who must drink to indulge in light wines and beer; and there may be some value in getting to the place where this point is admitted by the law.

RECURRENT echoes of Memorial Day in the press and in correspondence indicate that we have probably witnessed the last observance of this civic rite in its traditional form. Walt Mason wrote, twenty years ago, of "the little green tents where the soldiers sleep," and of the weary few, "young and stalwart in '62," who walked among them. Now the years have left these millions mortally tired; and the few not yet laid to rest are lone stragglers, feeble though glorious, behind the ultimate march. The day nevertheless remains great, reminding a new age of its immemorial obligations. Its meaning can be phrased brilliantly for the intellectual. There is also need, however, for its restatement in vigorous language for our citizenry at large. On March 30 the Reverend Lawrence Monaghan, speaking to the employees of Kresge's department store, found what seem to us just the right words: "On Memorial Day it is customary to call upon us for a new dedication to the causes for which the honored dead have given sacrifice. As I conceive it, it is only a new resolution to give ourselves wholeheartedly to the working out of the spirit of America. This is the spirit of which her wars have been but an incidental interruption. The growth of the American idea, which originated in the uniting of many people of many creeds, each contributing its share to the nation's prosperity and strength, I believe will some day be the ruling factor of the world, resulting in the merging of all nations in harmony. To help toward this fulfilment is our duty—the duty which will make us heroes of peace as well as of war."

Covering the Fires

THERE was no major crime in tracking Colonel Lindbergh and his bride to the small Maine port at which their boat put in for fuel, and in broadcasting photographs showing the Colonel on deck abaft the cabin where young Mrs. Lindbergh remained in hiding. But the incident points very sharply the tasteless, caddish, persecuting tenacity which is part of the license assumed by the press in the pursuit of what it often refers to as its high calling. The very things which made the Lindbergh marriage "good copy" from a newspaperman's point of view are things which, in decency, should have cut that copy to its irreducible minimum. If anyone has deserved from his fellow-citizens a sporting response to his known wishes, it is surely this extraordinary young man. He has made romantic valor an actuality to us. His genius, his disinterested devotion to flying, his inspired good sense, have brought honor to us all. Speaking, in effect, from this record of brilliant achievements and no mistakes, he asked for privacy; and in response the papers set their whole pack upon him. A hurried, semi-secret wedding, an escape timed with the grim seriousness of a dash from prison, a honeymoon cruise overshadowed by fear of the cameras and interviewers lurking on every landing—these wedding gifts to America's chief hero are the ones to be marked "With the compliments of the press." The public, for once cannot be blamed. It merely buys what is offered for sale. It is to the enterprising merchants of sensation who scent the penny lying in the pocket and begin forthwith to talk about "what the public wants," that Colonel Lindbergh must render his acknowledgments.

"Compliments of the Press"

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THE newly organized Advertising Association of America counsels its members to good behavior: "Avoid all manner of exaggeration, misrepresentation and falsification. Refrain from derogatory or disparaging statements that tend to injure or discredit legitimate competitors or other business or industry, relying for success on the merits of our own product and services." For what it is worth, we offer the estimate that 50 percent of the advertising carried in the average edition of an average newspaper could not be accepted if these or similar principles of conduct aroused anything like a general acquiescence. Of course many battle-wise veterans of the advertising business have no higher an opinion of the intelligence of their audiences than Mr. Frank Kent has of the voting public, and know that hokum is as effective in business as in politics. Occasionally there is a sign that this estimate must eventually be revised. We are indebted for some illuminating figures to Mr. William Nelson Taft, and ultimately to the Boston Better Business Bureau, where he got them. Of 5,000 consumers who were asked their opinions on retail advertising, "45 percent replied that they believed it to be 'exaggerated'; 37 percent said it was 'misleading'; 11 percent characterized it as 'false,' and 6 percent felt that it was 'truthful.' "

The Gospel of Advertising

OUR contemporary, the Nation, has predicted various millenniums (or millennia) with an enthusiasm which has left us something laggard and doubting. We are proportionately glad to hail its latest prophecy: a golden age by grace of an old metaphor and a new paradox, an age of literary silence. Not forever, avers Miss Freda Kirchwey, shall we be tortured by the double-edged gift of articulateness; not forever will the quest of the epithet lead large numbers of the human race an inhuman chase. These things all have their term; after the bearing comes fallowness and after the effort repose. More, our children are being trained in substitutes for the self-expression of the written word. With tools and colors and modeling clay they are learning to take the burden of stamping their egos on life from those brain-centres which produce lives of the Presidents, unflinching self-revelations, free verse and monographs on free verse, and to transfer it to those centres which produce baskets and bird houses and pictures and beds of radishes. If the Nation can hasten the day on which the change really begins to tell, it will not only have relieved mankind from a frightful oppression—the oppression of too much reading—but will also have done more to promote universal brotherhood than all the peace congresses ever held. As Mr. Belloc says in one of the wisest of his books, it is by working with their hands that men grow into companionship, not by spinning words out of their weary noodles.

For a Bookless Future

WANTED: SOME STATISTICS

SOME very good work has been done this winter and spring by the N. C. W. C.'s Regional Conferences on Industrial Problems. The most recent one at Denver, for instance, naturally devoted an important part of its program to a discussion of the indecent working conditions in the Colorado sugar-beet fields. But it did not fail to call attention to something not so well known to the nation at large, that is, the existence of conditions almost as serious in the Colorado mines. At other meetings, the half-truths of prosperity have been pretty well shown up in reports on the evils of the new industrial revolution. In general, the conferences have insisted on the application of Catholic principles to social and economic relations, and have asked a fuller recognition of the rights stressed in the Bishops' Reconstruction Program of 1919. Thus into each section of the country the N. C. W. C. is carrying the truth about industrial America—or as much of that truth as has been learned. And a great humanitarian purpose is being served. Against such economic malpractice as fair-minded people everywhere are concerned with, information—propaganda—is about the best weapon. If it can be carried everywhere, a sufficient sympathy will rise, and readjustment follow.

But it must be noted that what the Conferences, and all similarly functioning groups, are doing is the second, and later, part of a double job. That is, they can demonstrate that the prevailing weaknesses of our industrial system are unnecessary, and being unnecessary, unfair. But while in some cases their discussions can turn upon original studies, prepared for the occasion, for the most part they must disseminate information gathered from the statistics of the United States Department of Labor, the census of manufactures, etc. And a great deal of information that must be desired by everyone interested in this work: conference, newspaper and university, is unavailable. It would be unavailable even to a President's fact-finding commission. Ascertaining the facts about unemployment, for instance, is something which no one in the United States has yet done satisfactorily. At best, there is only a confused idea of the extent of this condition. Dr. John A. Ryan has estimated that the number of unemployed is 3,000,000. Other experts have indicated that the figure is considerably higher. About a year ago, Secretary of Labor Davis placed it at 1,875,000. There is agreement on only one point: that the figure is high. But for the purposes of remedial action, surely, one can place no reliance on figures which differ by two millions or so from others equally worthy of trust. What must be discovered first of all is how many men in this country are usually out of work, how many enjoy sporadic employment, what percentages are contributed by each state, and what are the figures for each town and city in the state.

Of course such data can be efficiently gathered only by the United States Census Bureau. But as the census-

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takers in 1920 were not required to ask questions regarding employment, it is twenty years since we have had any information on the subject more conclusive than estimates based on inferences from the biennial census of manufactures, and on the increase or decrease of payrolls. Here is a job for the census of 1930. We cannot well afford to miss this opportunity of getting information so necessary in the most accurate and cheapest possible way.

PROGRESS TOWARD PRINCIPLE

FOR weeks the members of the Experts' Committee have toiled and argued. The spectacle was a little vague and hard to follow even through the Paris papers, which reported everything doggedly and in detail. But the significance of the agreement finally contrived is rather easy to determine if one follows the history of reparations since the close of the war. At Versailles there was no limit to the claims pressed against the defeated Germans. So many people then believed in a dismembered Reich that it seemed quite natural to exact remuneration for every cow and cat that had died during the period of hostilities. By 1920, however, the Spa conference had already scaled the German debt from infinity to $58,000,000,000. About a year later currency and business had both sagged, and the Reparations Commission had fixed the liability at $32,000,000,000—a drop of nearly one-half inside of a year. Then came the Dawes system, which judiciously ignored totals. And the agreement just signed calls for a total of $27,000,000,000, in which sum are included the charges incurred under the Dawes plan, the Allied debts and the costs of diverse armies of occupation. The "debt" properly so called has been scaled down to the sum of $9,000,000,000, present value.

In all probability this arrangement will stand for ten years, providing no unforeseen catastrophe occurs. The payments due annually have been fixed, and the committee has agreed upon a mechanism—somewhat complicated, it is true, but scientific in principle—for handling the money. A multitude of minor but quite ominous difficulties were removed by the persistence and tact of Mr. Young. Accordingly one may assume with reasonable security that during the decade to follow a great deal of progress toward "reconciliation" will be effected; for while the pressure upon Germany will be heavy, a victory over extravagant chauvinism has been gained and the way is clear for the removal of irritating conditions. One proposal has already been made—the suggestion, which comes from Great Britain but which the French will, in all likelihood, second with alacrity: to evacuate the Rhine territories. When this has been done, reductions in armament may be hoped for, with a markedly beneficent effect upon budgets. At the end of ten years Europe may have recovered to such an extent that a new adjustment of its finances will be possible

One of the most interesting aspects of the conference has been the contrast between the personalities of Mr. Young and Dr. Schacht. The latter is, in more than one respect, an index to those aspects of the contemporary German mind which do not often receive attention. He represents the type of public servant whom the Reich may be said to have graduated out of the ranks of the old bureaucracy. It is said that his rise was due to a chance discovery, by a superior, of his skill in giving out financial news to the press. Soon he had become a powerful executive who owed as much to the political influences then operative as to his purely financial skill. Dr. Schacht's career it is certainly true, has been based to a considerable extent upon his willingness to see the problems confronting his country as a whole. Indeed many of his brushes with hostile opinion have been due less to his decisions as a banker (among which his opposition to municipal loans was perhaps the most fiercely debated) than to his insistence upon political "opinions."

Thus his famous article written for the Journal de Genève during 1926, but not published until recently, has been widely accepted as "expressive of the German mentality." In this he voiced the opinion that Poland's use of the Danzig corridor is a blunder for which all eastern Europe must pay heavily, as well as a crime against the Reich. "It is," he declared, "foolish to believe that eastern Europe can endure in the form it has now taken." More important, however, are the following remarks regarding German colonies, a subject which Dr. Schacht discoursed upon at Paris to no avail: "Economically speaking, Germany cannot get on without colonies. . . . There is no justice in prohibiting Germany from having colonies, while France has not even a sufficient number of inhabitants to cultivate its own territory and is obliged to import hundreds of thousands of Italians. Italy, on the other hand, has the right to ask for colonies. She is entitled to them as we are, for the same reasons. England has 2,000,000 unemployed citizens, but she feeds them on the income from a vast colonial empire into which her unemployed do not wish to go. We, too, have our people out of work; and with what are we expected to feed them? There is only one solution possible—to permit us to divert our unemployed to other territory."

It is because of his representative importance, because of his bold insistence upon what his countrymen conceive of as economic fact, that Dr. Schacht has made so deep an impression upon current public opinion. Germany is now, even more clearly than before the war, Europe's "unknown quantity." Her political and economic actualities cannot be ignored, and cooperation with rather than opposition to her seems the formula for general safety. To the credit of the Allied nations it must be said that they have come nearer to realizing this fact. The difficulties of Europe must be faced in common or suffered to triumph.

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LETTERS AND CENSORSHIP

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

How morals and art are related is not an easy matter to determine. The following paper makes no effort to arrive at a complete solution of the problem, but analyzes Catholic negative and positive teaching. The contention is that censorship, however exercised, is only a prelude to a realization of what is good and beautiful, and that the value of art lies in the rightness of its aspiration and in its sanity. What is here offered is part of a book—The Catholic Church and Current Literature—to appear soon in the Calvert Series, published by the Macmillan Company.—The Editors.

FEAR lest the literary art prove a source of moral decay is as old as civilized mankind. The strictures of Socrates and Plato are familiar to every student of the classics, and Roman censors were sometimes very outspoken. Naturally enough this anxiety increased after the advent of Christianity. There are fiery sermons to the writer in dozens of encyclicals and homilies. In some ages the warnings have been more pronounced than in others, but a sharp lookout has constantly been maintained. Though official pronouncements on the matter are fewer than is sometimes believed, one is justified in thinking that the Church has wrestled with literature at least as frequently as with any other human activity. But a distinction is at once in order.

Most of the protest has arisen less out of Catholic dread that a book might incite readers to perverse deeds than out of Catholic reverence for revealed truth. All men approach the verities of faith through a lane of personal experience; and there is danger that the dust, shadows and winds encountered on the way may distort the vision. That is why heretics have normally been very earnest folk. Luther's starting-point, for example, was not at all the moral question of indulgence selling. It was a psychological problem —how to live according to a theory of grace arrived at during the course of his own spiritual development. Because he clung firmly to this starting-point, he ended by arriving at a set of convictions completely at variance with those sponsored by Catholic tradition. The Church, therefore, is always on the alert to correct individualistic notions of tenets of faith, especially when these haunt the minds of such as are in a position to exercise leadership.

So far the Catholic position is reasonably clear and understandable. Since the teaching authority vested in the See of Peter is defined as empowered to preserve and foster the objective doctrines of Revelation, any teaching which can be analyzed as purely subjective must be repudiated by it. When we come to the question of determining whether or not a book can incite to passion or moral degradation, matters become exceedingly complex. The sage declared long ago that what is one man's meat may prove to be another's poison. Here the subjective factor is paramount, for the reason that all the forces making for decision—free will, temperament, training, experience—differ with individuals. History therefore presents us with many seeming contradictories. During the mediaeval time people were edified by legends which would shock not a few modern souls, even as they shocked contemporary theologians. Renaissance Italy proudly adorned churches with images which were destined to make Newman blush. Henri Ghéon, the French convert playwright and poet, records the conviction that some young men of his generation were "emancipated" from religion by an excess of pietistic lore. Some people have been corrupted by obscene jokes; others have been ruined by sermons. In short, anyone who devotes five minutes of his time to history will see that propriety meant one thing to the average subject of Queen Victoria and another thing entirely to the prophets of Israel.

Not that moral standards shift or change. We are far from conceding that there is anything like relativity of right and wrong. The literature under discussion may reek with lascivious suggestion and yet distinguish carefully between good and evil, or virtue and immorality. Your cheap movie moralizes throughout ever so many titles, and yet the boy who looks at it is driven to imitate the prowess of Jesse James. Not long ago newspapermen were smiling at a book which, though written to expose and denounce the sins of various French novelists, managed to become the most objectionable volume of the year. When one has considered all these things from every angle and tried to reckon with the difficult problems they involve, one concludes that few hard and fast rules can be drawn. Common sense is the only satisfactory judge, and even it cannot generalize for individual consciences. Doubtless some people ought to abstain from art altogether, as others should keep away from wine or politics. It is characteristic of the Church not to rely upon blanket decisions to regulate the matter, but to dispense private spiritual counsel to those who ask for it. Unfortunately there are all sorts of self-appointed advisers. Almost any excited stickler can, in our time, get a hearing because his or her moral susceptibilities have been ruffled in some manner by a book. Normally one may diagnose these complaints rather simply and effectively by asking oneself if the accuser has given signs of lucid understanding on other subjects or occasions. When the uproar is amateurish, it is usually also pathological. But the public ear is constantly cocked for scandal, and so Catholic litterateurs in particular are always being hounded by sensitive scenters of vice. Some day the religious press will catch up with the vast majority of the clergy and realize that it

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is silly to provide a frame for such rant. The resulting improvement will be notable.

But though this whole problem needs to be dealt with prudently, it cannot be tossed aside with a laugh. Time and place create conditions which establish a kind of social personality, from the moral point of view. This Zeitgeist can be divined by men of experience, vision and right standards. They cannot hope to be perfectly accurate, but their opinions do coalesce into a fairly realistic impression of what is the especial danger of the age. And so they exercise the helpful and legitimate function of safeguarding the public against moral corruption. All who live in the bonds of civic union must be awake to all things that serve to common need. Censorship, therefore, ought to be a kind of mentorship. It should offer guidance to the time spirit lest the unwary succumb to the suggestion which happens to correspond to the prevailing spiritual weakness. That rank obscenity should be discountenanced by any society aspiring to the status of a healthy civilization is a platitude. But there are epochs when the lines must be drawn far more tightly, and when laxity only means cutting a sluice in the dam which checks the onrush of passion and surrender.

To what extent the state ought to exercise control over letters and the arts is not easy to determine. Practice would seem to indicate that it is seldom prudent to demand more than the few sanitary measures, which can be put into effect noiselessly and almost automatically, normally prescribed by modern governments. Sometimes, of course, a community will be faced with a problem out of the ordinary. Those who have witnessed troops of young girls flocking to giggle at raw plays in a theatre the approach to which is lined by leering men and women of the baser sort, will understand, if they have their wits about them, that a policeman or two would not be out of place on such occasions. But though these cases can be dealt with individually, it seems impossible to base any general rule upon them. People simply do not expect a great deal of moral vigilance from their governments. Almost every period of state censorship has been followed by a violent reaction, the excesses committed during which more than offset the previous gain to morals. Nor did even the English Puritan Parliament succeed in stamping out the disease of play-acting. Bootleg theatricals earned many a shilling; and (like every other type of surreptitious product) those shillings were usually tainted.

In our time few Catholic moralists pin much faith to state supervision. They hope rather to contend against evil tendencies with counsel and education, gradually promoting abhorrence of vice that assumes the dress of art. Sometimes ecclesiastical authority specifically condemns a book or play as perverse, or calculated to endanger the soul. More frequently it is criticism, exercised in the pulpit or through the press, which warns of the evil effects likely to be attendant upon certain reading habits. This effort is exceedingly difficult, is often received with a series of sneers, and is bound to be subjective in a measure. Nevertheless thousands of souls do heed the advice, and as a result some are saved from degradation. An individual artist can easily make a plausible defense of a production which exerts a baneful influence upon others. But he is fooling himself badly if he believes that his personal right to express a desire or to portray a vision absolves him from the duty of respecting the temper of his audience. One need only bid him notice the inestimable damage done to the good name of France by a literature of smudgy amours, or ask him to read Madame Bovary carefully.

It is, of course, obvious that merely erecting walls around people will not save them from contamination. Everybody needs to be taught how to win and use freedom. For this reason Catholic tradition, never satisfied with negative counsels, has upheld a lofty ideal of art, which may not always permit of realization any more than the monastic virtues can be inculcated into all men, but which does help to keep the human eye and heart on a level with normalcy. When Saint Augustine, trained to appreciate the pleasure which comes with gazing upon artistic loveliness, wrote out the fulness of his understanding of Christian living, he did not fail to take the beautiful into account. And as he looked about for a satisfactory explanation, he read appreciatively those vast reflective hymns which Plotinus had sung to everlasting Radiance. With him the early Church, therefore, considered the beautiful the aftermath of a suggestion, conveyed by earthly things or shadows, of an idea which antedates nature and exists eternally, unchangeably, in the Divine mind. Art is a premonition of, an insight into, the ineffable Splendor of which terrestrial prettinesses are only dim reflections; and it possesses the power to take our gaze away from meanness toward the lustrous immortal deeps.

This conception of art is the motive behind the great patronage which the Church has patiently bestowed upon the crafts and letters. Painters and poets were held to be endowed with a gift for presenting reality of a sort which intelligence as such could not reveal. Their "ideas" were not concepts or static truths, but rather "visions" incorporating what was termed "splendor veritatis"—the splendor of truth—as differentiated from the mere existence of truth. In other words, they were considered contemplatives of a definite kind. Just as a man may know precisely how the celestial machinery produces a sunset without being able to see appreciatively the intoxicating wealth of an evening sky, so humanity may learn the truths of faith without being awed by their majesty or unutterable harmoniousness. To the artist, therefore, has been reserved the function of teaching them this primal aspect of the Divine, however feeble and remote his images may be. Whenever people look to art for this service, so illustrious and dignified, they

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can hardly think of it in terms of mere animalistic portraiture or lewd sportiveness.

One may well believe that this Augustinian conception established, for a succession of deeply Christian souls, a sort of affinity between the mystic and the artist. And in our time, when so many Augustinian reflections are being honored once again, the point has been reiterated with modifications compatible with the modern outlook. Psychology, to begin with, has come to differentiate between the states of mind which tend upward or downward—toward ecstasy or toward lethargy—from the condition of normal comprehension. It tells us that there are states of creative activity which mystic and artist seem to share, though not for precisely the same purpose. The first has riveted his gaze upon the Divine basis of reality; the second is concerned with the inner side of reality itself. When the two are blended in one man, humanity achieves all that contemplativeness can give—a rare occurrence, but one which posits a kind of goal to Catholic art.

More recently the Abbé Henri Brémond, approaching the matter from a somewhat different angle, gave modern criticism a theory with which it has since been industriously concerned. I have no intention of outlining the conception of "pure poetry" or to "poetry and prayer" as these are defined in his well-known books. Suffice it to say that he believes even the fragments of a genuine poet's work suffused with a spiritual vitality which, though immediately perceptible, does not depend upon the facts, the ideas or even the images incorporated in the text. This "something" is, therefore, "pure" poetry as distinguished from the other subsidiary elements which may be termed "impure." Nor does it come into being without a cause. A certain experience is the source of poetry, to be identified in a measure with the experience which is the source of mystical insight. Both are "suprarational" in the sense that they are induced neither by logic nor by cosmic actuality; and yet poetry is only a tentative essay of the spirit's force, which finds its proper sphere and winged flight in true mysticism. Accordingly the origin of poetic art—and, to a lesser degree, of all imaginative literature—is not reality, or objective circumstance, but rather a vision of beauty, a response to something brighter than nature, to which Plato gave the provisional name of "idea."

These several restatements of Augustinian conviction, together with others which are to be found in modern religious poetry, the art of Beuron and other places, suffice to indicate the resoluteness with which the Catholic spirit still defends the nobility of the artistic purpose and seeks to give it a positive direction. Nevertheless Catholicism is peculiar in nothing so much as this: it never focuses all its attention upon one point, or one human faculty. It has therefore continued to respect deeply the rights of reason; and from this point of view theory developed within the shadow of the Church joins hands, relatively at least, with what notable modern advocates of the life of reason have proposed as the normal standards of literature. Nothing in the careful thought of Paul Elmer More and the other protagonists of reaction from unbridled feeling but finds its adequate statement in the vast serenity of Christian speculation which circles round the axis of Saint Thomas. Here is a memorable respect for reason and the universe of reality with which that reason is concerned. During generations when the doctors, following the lead of Immanuel Kant, transferred the content of thought and knowledge to the inward man, the philosophy of the Church, ignored, despised and even frankly hated, upheld the dignity of the supreme instrument for the attainment of insight into the meaning of life.

A literature or art which preserves authentic vision or wisdom will therefore have, if the traditional Catholic sense is right, something different from a moral purpose, and yet be "ennobling" in the strictest way. The hope, in this case, is not so much to make clear the value of an ethical maxim or to "encourage" virtue, but to lift men above the dead level of dross to an area wherein the spirit is unencumbered. And so we may venture to make the following somewhat paradoxical statement: the Church, negatively engaged in safeguarding its faithful from impulses toward the doing of evil which may be garnered from literature, is positively interested in upholding the separation of morals from literature. According to the great Catholic teachers, the value of a work of art lies simply in the rightness of its aspiration and in its sanity. It is to be an aid to contemplation rather than to action. And though individuals may be unable to appreciate this, or insist upon aspects that are secondary in importance, the central truth of a tradition abides and must be respected.

If we now try to think of these matters in terms of actual practice, some assistance may be derived from the following discussion of drama by Leo Weismantel, greatest of German Catholic playwrights.

> A glance at what happened in the centuries past shows clearly that the Church has taken a stand regarding individual theatrical phenomena, but never on the theatre as a thing in itself. It has warned the faithful against certain dramatic productions, and even drove out "religious" folk-plays which once had their stage in the very nave of the sacred edifice. On the other hand it has produced the loftiest and most awesome forms of drama; and here one must think not only of Christmas and Passion plays, biblical drama and Calderon, but also of the daily Divine sacrifice itself, which is the very essence of drama applied to continue the life and death of Christ throughout the centuries. Thus there is no point in asking how the Church "looks at the theatre," for it thinks of all created things in one and the same way. The question is rather: how does the theatre of today or yesterday, of here or yonder, look at the Church? Is it imbued with the spirit of Christ or is it hostile to him?

And here once again the deciding factor is not whether a play "teaches a lesson" but whether it is beautiful with an inkling of everlasting life.

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THE NEGRO'S PLACE IN THE SUN

By ELSIE WEIL

TWENTY years ago a conference on racial questions, dominated by colored people, would scarcely have received serious municipal consideration, even from a northern city. Negroes in the public eye were expected to be buffooning minstrels. If they ventured into the limelight they were to amuse the public, not to distress it with a burden of racial woes. Unpleasant problems were to be relegated to a murky shadow land and taken out for discussion only at the whim of the governing class.

Now the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is celebrating its twentieth anniversary the end of June with a conference in Cleveland, which has offered its public auditorium, seating 15,000, for a mass meeting. In recognition of the event, the Cleveland Museum of Art has arranged a display of Negro art and addresses on Negro art and literature, the public library is featuring books by Negro writers, and the museum of natural history, an exhibition of African ethnology.

From its inception the Association has openly and candidly broadcast facts that have made polite society wince. It has not been concerned with pretty tales for drawing-room consumption, but with the constitutionally guaranteed rights of the submerged and darker tenth. The publicity given to the educational campaign of Negro leaders of the Association in cooperation with their white friends has been responsible for reducing the number of lynchings. In 1928 there were eleven lynchings in five states, the lowest record in the forty years during which statistics have been kept. The Association fights its battles in the courts with legal weapons. Because of the volunteer service of members of the bar, less than one hundred thousand dollars has been spent on legal work, which includes five decisive victories before the United States Supreme Court. One of the most important decisions of the Supreme Court was to declare unconstitutional the "grandfather clauses" disenfranchising southern Negroes. A more recent triumph was the decision in the Texas white primary case, by which laws excluding Negroes from party primaries were held unconstitutional. Other cases successfully defended by the Association have involved residential and school segregation and unlawful discrimination against the Negro in the exercise of his civil rights. The attempt to exclude Negroes from the public library of Charleston, West Virginia, was frustrated by the Supreme Court of Appeals of the state, thus establishing the precedent for Negroes to use public libraries throughout West Virginia. A colored woman, an interstate passenger, who had purchased Pullman accommodations from New York to Orlando, Florida, was removed from the train at a small Florida town, placed in jail and fined $500 and costs. The railroad company settled the case out of court for $2,750. One of the most significant activities of the Association has been to prevent the extradition of Negro prisoners to states which have a bad lynching record.

The decisions won by the Negro in court depend entirely for their effectiveness on the temper of public and social opinion. No legal victory can force a majority sentiment to shift from a position regarded as inviolable, just and proper. Only time and the subtly percolating influences of education can effect one of those slow geological changes in point of view which mark the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. The attitude acceptable to most Southerners today has been concisely and definitely stated by Senator Walter F. George of Georgia, for several years on the Georgia Supreme Court:

> No statutory law, no organic law, no military law supersedes the law of racial necessity and social identity. Why apologize or evade? We have been very careful to obey the letter of the federal constitution—but we have been very diligent and astute in violating the spirit of such amendments and such statutes as would lead the Negro to believe himself the equal of a white man. And we shall continue to conduct ourselves in that way.

In many northern states, the Negro as a matter of principle can bring suit if a restaurant refuses to serve him or a theatre will not honor his seats; if he is barred from a bathing beach or an amusement park. But the Negro knows that the vindication of his legal dignity will not wipe out discriminations, so long as they are regarded as social imperatives. The practices of evasion wind through a complicated labyrinth in which the Quixotic intruder can be lost for a lifetime. The Negro of intellectual and cultural standing continues to speak for his civil and political rights as a citizen in a democracy, but he is finding it more profitable to pour his real energy into creative and less controversial channels.

If No Trespassing signs shut him out of many industries controlled by white employers, nothing except the most insidiously organized mob violence can prevent him from starting an independent business of his own, provided he has the necessary capital. It was Booker T. Washington who started the National Negro Business League in 1900. Directly after emancipation, 4,000 Negroes were engaged in business. Now there are more than 70,000 Negro business enterprises. Many of these are small retail establishments, restaurants, groceries, drug stores, general stores, garages and transfer companies, but an increasing number of Negroes are engaging in real estate, manufacturing of clothing, building and con-

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tracting, lumber and live stock. Doors closed to opportunity have disciplined the educated and progressive Negro into working out his own economic salvation. Twenty-eight insurance companies operated by Negroes write $120,000,000 a year. Seventy Negro banks do an annual business of $100,000,000. The banks are handicapped by exclusion from clearing-house participation, absence of business with white firms and the lack of managerial experience. But they are steadily growing and inspiring more confidence among their own people. Negro business men are following the example of their white Rotarian neighbors and banding themselves into organizations for their mutual advantage, such as national associations of bankers, insurance companies, builders, funeral directors, retail grocers, tailors, and other representative trades and industries.

According to the 1920 census, 80,000 Negroes are in the professions. The majority are clergymen, teachers, musicians, actors, lawyers, physicians, dentists and trained nurses. The more influential professional groups, teachers, physicians, lawyers and musicians, have, like the business men, organized themselves into national associations. The National Negro Press Association is backed by 400 periodicals, more than half of them newspapers. No Negro family today would be without its favorite paper, which specializes in news untouched by the white press and reflects what prominent men in the colored community are thinking about questions affecting the interests of the race. The influence of newspapers like the Pittsburgh Courier, the Chicago Defender, the Baltimore Afro-American, and the New York Amsterdam News in molding Negro public opinion and solidifying group reactions is incalculable. For twenty years the Crisis, under the editorship of Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, the brilliant Negro sociologist and writer, has lashed without compromise at racial oppression and injustice. A more recent monthly, Opportunity, welcomes the work of the younger Negro writers.

Quietly accepting handicaps and facing the possibility that a higher education might leave them stranded with a calculus and a Horace as equipment for Pullman porters' jobs, Negro students are entering the universities in ever-increasing numbers. Over ten thousand Negroes have received college degrees. Many have already fulfilled the promise of their academic years with sterling achievement in their chosen professions. Dr. Ernest Everett Just, head of the department of physiology at Howard, the Negro university in Washington, has been recognized and honored as one of the world's leading biologists. Students of racial history find invaluable material in the scholarly quarterly, The Journal of Negro History, edited by Carter G. Woodson, and in his published records of the Negro in America, which represent many years of painstaking research. Alain Locke, who was a Rhodes Scholar from Pennsylvania and took his Ph.D. at Harvard, is professor of philosophy at Howard University and a frequent contributor on Negro subjects to the magazines. Dr. Louis Tompkins Wright, who was graduated fourth in a class of 100 from Harvard Medical School, went overseas as a lieutenant in the medical corps of the 367th Infantry. He is on the staff of Harlem Hospital and the first Negro appointed a police surgeon in New York. Dr. Wright is known in medical circles for inventing a successful system of intradermal vaccination and for his studies on the hookworm. Paul Robeson has captured audiences with his performance in the title rôle of The Emperor Jones and his moving interpretation of Negro spirituals. Alumni of Rutgers remember him as the colored boy who was versatile enough to star in football as the All-American end in 1918 and at the same time win a Phi Beta Kappa key. Countee Cullen, perhaps the most lyrically eloquent of the new group of Negro poets, was a Phi Beta Kappa at New York University. Jessie Redmon Fauset, an honor student at Cornell and literary editor of the Crisis, has recently published two novels, There Is Confusion, and Plum Bun, which describe the social life of cultured Negroes in New York and Philadelphia—a world entirely unfamiliar to white people, whose acquaintance with the darker race is limited to laundresses, cooks and janitors. One could cite any number of colored men and women who have pushed up a stony road to higher opportunity.

The Negro, encouraged by the success of outstanding members of his own race—men like Roland Hayes in music, William Stanley Braithwaite in literature and George W. Carver in science—is acquiring self-confidence as well as the self-respect preached as a pragmatic gospel by Booker T. Washington at the beginning of the century. Twenty years ago, What the Negro Thinks, by Robert Russa Moton, principal of Tuskegee, would have met with a cold if not a hostile reception. In those days Negro coöperation in working toward a solution of the racial problem was unwelcomed as officious and inconsequential. The only thing that mattered was what the governing class chose to think and do about the Negro problem. Today the increasing popular demand to learn about the Negro from the Negro himself is bringing about a normal interchange of ideas between the races, which will result in benefit to both. The Commission on Interracial Coöperation, composed of leading white and colored people, is working throughout the South to improve conditions affecting the Negro. Educators, ministers, social workers and editors are meeting with intelligent members of the colored community for the frank and friendly discussion of the racial situation and for the promotion of better schools, hospitals, legislation and police protection for the Negro population. The women of Texas, North Carolina and other southern states have made public resolutions in which they have urged in challenging terms the protection of Negro womanhood, the right of Negro childhood to better homes, better health and better

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education, and the stamping out of mob violence. Southern colleges and universities are offering courses in race studies, providing undergraduates with reliable information as a background for their own future responsibility in adopting a fair-minded attitude in their relations with the Negro.

Fortified by his rehabilitated group consciousness, the Negro is shedding some of his traditional humbleness. He has relegated Uncle Tom and the plantation mammy to the ash-heap. In his own writing he is speaking with growing clarity in the modern idiom. He is tremulously aware of himself in such expressions as the New Negro, the Negro Renaissance, the Negro's Coming of Age, and Harlem, the Mecca of the Negro World. In his new mood he is not exalting himself—a compensatory measure of spiritual escape adopted by many oppressed classes—but rather he is turning inward for self-analysis and inviting constructive criticism in preference to sentimental and charitable allowances for weakness. To quote Alain Locke:

> The Negro today wishes to be known for what he is, even in his faults and shortcomings, and scorns a craven and precarious survival at the price of seeming to be what he is not.

Twenty years ago the average colored person thought of Africa as a remote elephant jungle inhabited by primitive tribes to which he was vaguely and anthropologically linked. There was, to be sure, Liberia, but that tiny dot of black nationalism was no promised land, only a diplomatic berth for an occasional American Negro. In his new-found racial pride, the Negro is turning with eager interest to his ancestral continent. He is searching Africa for the roots of his past and exploring primitive cultural expression in music, sculpture and folk-lore. A bit of wood-carving from Gabon, a bold Bushongo design, a West Coast legend related to the Bre'r Rabbit tales transcribed by Joel Chandler Harris, strengthen his conviction that his genealogical jungle tree has healthy roots in a life-sustaining soil.

Restless in the full exercise of his political rights at home, the intellectual Negro is acquiring an international outlook. The publication of a Negro investigation in Haiti first attracted public attention to conditions in the tiny island republic under American rule. Labor problems for natives of East and South Africa, the political situation under European control and the administrative policies of the ruling nations in Africa have all been included in the Negro educational program "to understand the white world in its relations to the non-white world." Dr. Du Bois was responsible for initiating the first Pan-African Congress, which met in Paris in 1919, the pioneer effort to bring together representatives of peoples of African descent in a world conference. Since that time several congresses have been called. The Pan-African movement has not yet accomplished anything tangible, but it has drawn into a closer bond of common interest the 150,000,000 Negroes in Africa and America whose welfare is affected by selfish government policies.

I asked a Negro well known for his books—a man of culture, education and versatile gifts, who has spent many mellow and useful years in Latin-American countries—why he did not live permanently abroad. Why did he, who has so much to contribute in creative effort, struggle against prejudices and limiting restrictions? In one of the Spanish-speaking countries or in France he could meet people of his own intellectual calibre and he would not be continually reminded of his color. He smiled a little sadly and a little wistfully and said, "I have enjoyed living in those countries, but always as an exile, always with the feeling that one day I would be returning home. For after all, America is my country. Whatever I can contribute through my work grows out of my own experience as an American of African descent."

Movement for a Chorale

No city shall I call my own
the winds can blow down and the rains
dissolve
to leave one standing isolate
in wide unfruitful savage lands
that show the season and the worm
can scrawl a dry sarcasm
on the walls of all these cities
we have sown—
no city
the winds can blow down and the rains
dissolve
to show the gaping ribs of steel
beneath the facile flesh
of stone—
the rooms untenanted
except of eyes
that watched the burning cities fall
(Column
and column—cornice and arcade)
untenanted
except of eyes and echoes—
echoes of an endless crying
grown and blown down
grown again
as harvest of such sterile lands
as I have known
(and the isles
drifting to seaward
on the seaward swells—
dissolved

seaward the vagrant
isles—the isles
drifting to seaward
on the swells
unraveled by drifting mists
as winds unravel vagrant bells)

R. Ellsworth Larrson.

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CHINA'S STUDENTS RETURN

By JAMES E. WALSH

The student's part in China's recent development is well known. "The returned student," says Bishop Walsh, "brings with him the new régime; the blood in his veins is a detail compared with the ideas in his head." In the following paper an explanation of the Chinese student is offered, together with practical recommendations as to what ought to be done about him from a western point of view. He applies the adage "As a twig is bent" to the problem. Certain of Bishop Walsh's views are comparatively novel, but we think they will be found eminently sane and stimulating.—The Editors.

TEN years ago the returned student in China was pretty much an "also ran" in the race to shake the plum trees of his country. Military cliques composed of old swash-bucklers who could not tell a test-tube from a junior prom were at that time very much in the saddle, and a supine country groaned good-naturedly under their wild tiltings and careenings without any apparent hope of unhorsing these hardy riders. They were, however, riding to a fall, and the spill emanated from an unexpected quarter. In those days the returned student with his handy knowledge made the perfect servant. He was a useful clerk. He had the secretary market completely cornered. He even carried out important projects in the engineering field and he drew good pay for it. He did a bit of teaching in the few modern schools he was able to organize. In his wildest dreams he secured a diplomatic post and represented his country abroad—when his country had any government to represent. He had interesting work, good pay, a useful career. But he was not the ruler of China.

But the student had learned too much abroad. He saw through his dormitory window the spectacle of a prosperous and happy people under orderly government. He contrasted this with his own calamity-ridden land. He saw what he would do if he ever got a chance, and he made up his mind that he would get a chance, if he had to manufacture it himself. It is curious that the will to accomplish this dates from the very first shipment of students that ever left China for America. Mr. Teng Shae Yi was one of that original group, and the result was the dedication of one of the finest brains of China to the revolutionary cause. Dr. Sun Yat Sen wandered to London and America where he learned a lot about the good and the ills of bodies politic. This pair hatched China's revolution. Thin going it was for a while, and the perennial agitation of Dr. Sun made him the William Jennings Bryan of his country. Yet whatever may be the estimate of his character, he was obviously a man of extreme determination. And considerable sagacity. He gathered the returned students to his banner amid the smiles of the robber barons. Soon an idea became a clique, a clique a party, a party a force. The handwriting was on the wall. It all ended last year in the march of the Kuomintang to Peking. The present government is composed of returned students. China is in their hands.

In all fairness to the superseded war lords, however, it must be noted that their upset is not complete annihilation. Their system has vanished, but their successors are, to some extent at least, their own sons. They had the foresight to see that there was something to learn outside the walls of the Middle Kingdom, and, besides, if a foreign education was getting to be the style, who had a better right to it than their own distinguished progeny? They drop the reins, then, but into the hands of chips of the old block. That, however, saves only face; nothing more. Regardless of his antecedents, the returned student brings with him the new régime. The blood in his veins is a detail compared to the ideas in his head.

Shoals of Chinese students have gone abroad to study, are going abroad and will go abroad. In popularity America has the call, with Germany a close second. Both France and England get a goodly number; Belgium a fair number; Italy some; almost every European country a few. Japan gets large contingents in periods when there is no special agitation against their country going on in China; which, by the way, is seldom. Russia got some students in recent years while China basked in the smiles of the Soviet bear, but the claws soon became apparent, and now that novel episode in international comity is happily over. Besides it is said the boys complained that they could not find soap and water to wash their feet every night—a privilege that it does not do to take away from a Chinese. Give him bread for rice, coffee for tea, lamb chops for shark's fins, Plato for the Great Learning, Wordsworth for Li Po, and he will not murmur; but let him wash his feet if you wish to avoid trouble.

America has rather played up to the Chinese student. His attendance at our seats of learning was stimulated by the government's action in remitting a share of the Boxer indemnity and directing that it be used for scholarships in American schools. This enabled many boys of moderate or no means to secure an education in America. Part of this plan was the establishment of Tsing Hua College in Pekin as a sort of sifting ground. Some such provision was necessary, since most of the early students arriving in America were found unprepared for matriculation at college or university, and had to be put out at preparatory schools. Tsing Hua College is in no sense a Protestant, nor even an American institution. It was founded and is conducted by the Chinese government.

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Its connection with America is the fact that it is financed by money owed to America, and with the proviso that its students are to be prepared for higher education in America. Its instructors are largely Chinese, though it also employs a certain number of Americans and some of these have at times been Protestant missionaries. As the teaching in this school is thus chiefly in the hands of Chinese pagans, few missions, either Catholic or Protestant, are keen about supplying it with students. It is supposed to send 100 students to America every year, but actually its output seldom reaches this number.

Where the bulk of the Chinese students in America really come from is the ancestral hearth of a landed gentry. Not by any means are all the 400,000,000 of China to be written down in the simple annals of the poor. Nine times out of ten when you see a Chinese student you are gazing upon a rich man's son.

What is to be done about all this? If the returned student is going to influence China, would it be perhaps worth while to influence the returned student? It would seem so. Can it be done now? It should not be insuperably hard. How shall it be managed? That is a fair question and an interesting one.

Catholic participation in this hegira of students who return to rule China is not the answer. There is probably not a missioner in China who believes in that policy. First of all, the missions cannot afford it on any large scale, nor can the Christians themselves, who as a class are distinctly not landed gentry. Again the results are not always happy in the case of Christian boys. They must be carefully picked if they are to profit rather than suffer from the new and strange life abroad with its inherent dangers. Finally Catholic boys have no need to go abroad for an education. China has two Catholic universities in operation at present, that of the American Benedictines in Pekin, and the Aurora of Shanghai conducted by the French Jesuits. These have certain great advantages over any education abroad. The student is not a stranger in these schools conducted by men who, living in his country, know and admire the mentality of his people. He is shielded from the moral dangers incident to crossing the ocean. And, cardinal blessing, the continuity of his all-important Chinese study is assured along with his technical education. It will thus be the policy of all missions to throw their weight toward the building up of these two institutions, and it will be only an occasional Catholic student who will go abroad for special studies in special circumstances, much as an occasional seminarian will go to Rome for several years' specialization.

The Catholic student going abroad could not touch the returned student problem anyhow. That problem consists in the fact that a great mass of pagan students are going abroad. What will it accomplish to add a few Catholic students to the procession? Leaven the mass a trifle, perhaps, and form a few influential contacts. But there is yet a more excellent way.

A few facts about the Chinese student will point the way to get at him. First of all he is Chinese. That means he is cultured and gentle. Again he is usually a rich man's son, which means he is sensitive and independent. He is a boy, and he craves amusement, particularly the athletic sort. He is a student, and that means intellectual interest. He is away from home, and therefore lonesome. Finally he is a Chinese student and his English was once mighty poor.

The salient points for getting at him are his lonesomeness and his lack of English. The rest are good things to remember, once he is actually got at.

It has been said that the originator of the first club must have been either married or lonesome. The Chinese student is often both. The club is what will solve his problem. It is the friend he needs to make him a friend. How does it work? Quite simply. Rent a hall near the school that has a group of Chinese students; sprinkle around some books, chairs and a tea set; have a gymnasium if possible, or at least some place to play volley-ball and basket-ball; get ready to argue about everything under the sun; invite the boys in. It all sounds very simple except the last part. Suppose the boys do not accept the invitation? A fair difficulty, and very likely to occur. This is where the Chinese student's meagre knowledge of English enters in.

That knowledge of English will pass muster when the student arrives in America; otherwise the government would not permit him to enter the country. Where did he get it? The situation in regard to the teaching of English in China is peculiar, and therein lies the opportunity. First of all, every student who expects to attend any university in America, England or China itself, must learn English as a prerequisite. This is because in these three countries all university courses are given in English. If this seems peculiar in the case of China, it is because the technical courses in modern subjects have not yet been satisfactorily translated into the Chinese language. Try to teach chemistry in Chinese, and the reason becomes apparent. Again, apart from the inherent difficulty of the task, all the university instructors are men who were educated abroad through the medium of foreign languages, and they are just as well pleased to perpetuate their little caste. The time will surely come, of course, when university instruction in Chinese universities will be imparted in Chinese, but that time is not yet.

Prospective university students graduate first from what is called the middle school. It is theoretically our college, and practically our high school. English is indeed taught in these middle schools, but this is where the rub comes. It is taught so poorly that none of its graduates are ever known to pass the university entrance examination in English. There has grown up in China to bridge this gap what is known as the "exclusive English school." Middle school graduates

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must repair to these schools for an intensive course in English, usually of one year's duration, before they can matriculate at a university; and in the case of American universities, before they can even receive a passport for their journey.

Strangely enough these exclusive English schools do not by any means abound. They are distinctly few and far between. And this is the opportunity. If each Catholic mission in China could operate somewhere in its territory one exclusive English school, it would have under its tutelage for one year the pick of the students who leave its particular section for university education abroad. That is a long enough period in which to make friends of these boys. Some few might even be successfully directed to Catholic universities. All could be directed to the clubs already described, if such things existed in America's scholastic centres, and were in the hands of a few zealous priests aided by a few live young American boys as liaison officers. Is this not a feasible plan? It must be, because it is working even now in Paris and Louvain, where Father Mollat and Father Boland respectively are having great success with it, and making not only friends but converts. Moreover, they are not aided by the preliminary contact of the English school in China, but must seek out the Chinese students as perfect strangers.

At any rate, Maryknoll is opening an exclusive English school this year, as one step in the program. It will be conducted by Father Cairns in his mission at Sanning, as that is the most convenient point within reach of the bulk of the university students from the Maryknoll districts. Will not somebody start a club on the other end? Columbia with its big group of Chinese students would be a logical locale for the first experiment. If somebody could be found to pay the first year's lease of a suitable hall not too far from One Hundred Sixteenth Street, there would probably be little else of a serious nature to hinder the realization of a splendid work.

There he stands in your midst, the Chinese student. He is just a lonesome youngster now, but take a good look at him, for he will not be a lonesome youngster long. A few short years will bring him back to his place among the 400,000,000 and from all indications it is to be a high place indeed. He is their chosen leader. What will America give him to bring back as his contribution to his people? Will it be good or ill? Plenty of both is dispensed in our universities. Let us see to it that the good predominates. The destiny of a great nation may hang on the issue.

Skyline

The city, bulked there at the sea,
Spills high its sun-gold, sharp debris:
The sky is trampled by the towers,
The stars are crushed like wayside flowers.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

POPULAR SUBSCRIPTION

By VINCENT J. DEMPSEY

ELY MARKS'S shack stands on the edge of Plainfield, Ohio, a town of some five hundred families. It is a stupid, frumpy, small dwelling. Its roof sags in a crestfallen manner, and its chimney sticks up awry, like a silly, depilated feather on an old, shabby woman's hat. It is twenty years and more since its parched siding has tasted turpentine.

Ely, in his imbecile way, often squints at its scrofulous face, runs his long fingers through his thatch of shaggy brown hair, thoughtfully rubs the week's growth of black cacti-like pins on his chin, and mutters, "Aimin' t'paint 'er white with green trimmin'—this spring." But Plainfield has heard that every winter, and now no longer takes stock in it.

Around the poverty-stricken house, with the air of Abel's blood crying out for vengeance on the ruthless fellow and his ax, stand the countless desolate stumps of poplar trees that Ely pettishly hacked down because they gave too much shade.

Plainfield sadly shook its head:

"His father, not to mention Ely, played under them as a boy."

Not so felt Minnie, Ely's wife. Thoughtlessly glaring, in her slovenly ill-shapen dress, she stood by, a stolid witness to the atrocity.

S. Likely Plasher, the renowned black-and-white illustrator, caricatured Ely the summer he spent his vacation on a farm near Plainfield.

It touched Ely's simple fancy when he saw it. "Aimin' t' buy it from you, sir, if you don't want too much fur it." And when the artist had replied, "You can have it," Ely took it tenderly in his unkept fingers, and gloated over it as he trudged down the road. And racing in, he artlessly tacked it to the one sound portion of the parlor wall.

There it has hung through winter and summer ever since. It is frayed now and its edges have crept toward the centre, like the feet of a baby with colic. The charcoal lines are smudged from curious fingers, or dimmed. It is stained, sooted by the coal smoke from the kitchen range, greasy from cooking vapors. It is listless, but seemingly contented in its forlorn condition. And as out of its confused complexion simpers the unshaven face of Ely, it is actually more a likeness, indigenous as it is to its gallery, than it was in its glossy, gleaming newness.

Ely tramps the Post Road with his leisurely, rangy, slouching stride; or luxuriates in the sun in front of the teeming corner garage and filling station; gradually browning, like crisp bacon; with a peculiar sameness of procedure and language.

A bulge of tobacco extends his cheek, and his oversize Adam's apple jerks spasmodically in his long, scrawny throat as he voices his opinions. "Heard a feller say just yisteday—from town, he was—that

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these here chain stores is menacin' this country. Says he—he was a shrewd feller—from town, he was—'the only thing that's savin' this republic is the little Hungarian grocery stores. Down they come in a certain locality, and stick there like a bed bug.' Says he, 'if it wasn't fur them, those chain fellers would have this country monop'lized in two weeks.' Smart duck, he was. Thinks I, sounds prompt right t'me."

Ely's father owned the land on which the Interurban Station now stands, beside other holdings. In fact, the very heart of Plainfield's business section was checker-boarded by lots in his possession. And the 100-acre farm that bordered the turnpike gave the road its name of Marks Turnpike Road.

And when Ely can be drawn out, he will spit, make a noise with his teeth and admit:

"Four other kids, but they all died the spring the diptheria took on so bad.

"I got hold of it all when m' dad died. Aimin' t' see the West, so I sold the farm. Got $3,000 for it. Have t' laugh, worried for fear I was cheating th' feller. Jest petered the money away. Judas, that place's worth well nigh onto ten times that amount now.

"Funny part about it, let me tell you, aimin' every fall to set out for Nevady and I ain't got there yet."

At present Ely Marks has nothing except a dowdy, untidy wife and four dirty, uncared-for urchins; and the rusty, rickety house on a scant two acres.

The venerable Dr. Cannon sighed as he said, "Ely hain't ever been no different."

The aged practitioner has given his services gratis when Min's babies came. At least, he has given up hope long since of ever getting paid. No one seems to be slighting Ely's reputation when they say, as the doctor did, "'Twas too bad there wasn't income tax t' figure on in them days—I could have chalked it all off to charity. Just as easy, I 'spose," with a chuckle, "this way—the whole bizness is done with, anyway.

"Nope, Ely Marks ain't never goin' t' be no different. Said it twenty years ago—saw it in the boy."

It would seem that the villagers are aloof, but they have given up trying to straighten Ely. No one has tried for two decades. Although, more than once, it has depended upon their charity to supply clothes for an expected arrival. Truly, the good ladies of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society have no program of benevolence that does not include one or more items for the Marks children. Soon they will be planning ways and means of sending Aimee to high school. They cannot bear to see them hungry or cold.

When donations of food and other necessities come to his door, Ely, tinkering with a broken-down gas engine in the kitchen, or parts of a radio which he has scattered over the dining-room table—and out of which he is "Aimin' t' build a set that will drag in anything worth hearin'," but which never becomes any more complete than a fanciful hooking up of wires and a childish soldering of grids—looking up, squints, ejaculates his moth-eaten "Christian virtue!" and resumes his mindless puttering.

One of the sights which Plainfield has to offer is the feature of Min and Ely squatting on the crumbling steps, their faces some intangible bisque color in the soft blunt twilight of summer evenings, Ely's raucous, rasping fiddle whining, Min crooning accompaniment in her sad-sweet, Negro spiritual tones. Plainfield will show you that and add, "Likely as not the kids are in bed without a bite of supper."

Ely has become a sort of village curiosity, much like the ungainly cast-iron cherub that holds up the fountain in the square, opposite the red brick town hall. And despite what the outsider might think, and notwithstanding that I have heard women in the village shrug and say, "I don't see how she stands him—I'd throw him out so quick. . . ," for the greater part, he is not looked upon in that light. Ely has friends who are ready to say, "Wouldn't want a better neighbor." Ely is historic: "I can't imagine Plainfield without Ely Marks." He is part of the town and he belongs to the town, as does the fountain.

He is preserved, one is inclined to believe, as a contrast and a scarecrow that accentuates in the minds of Plainfield youths the benefits of industry, and the destitution of indolence.

ACTING IN DUBLIN

By JOHN MacDONAGH

THE Abbey Theatre, Dublin, the little theatre with the big reputation, is always crowded to full capacity on first nights. Everyone of note in Irish artistic and professional circles gathers within the building which once served as a morgue. It seats only 500, and you can see only a portion of the stage if you are perched on the side balcony.

Nowadays the Abbey has become very popular, mainly through the success of the Sean O'Casey plays which raised the box-office receipts and hell at the same time. On the first night of his The Plough and the Stars, pandemonium reigned both inside and outside the theatre. It offended the political susceptibilities of many of the audience, and in the street outside notable women paraded up and down carrying placards denouncing this latest insult to nationality.

The actors bravely kept up the fight against the shouts of the infuriated audience, and at the conclusion of the performance W. B. Yeats appeared like a raging fury to lash the crowd with bitter words of reproach for their conduct. "You have disgraced yourselves again!" he shouted, alluding to the scenes at the first production of Synge's The Playboy of the Western World presumably, and finally brought silence by yelling, "This is apotheosis!" The audience desisted to inquire of each other the meaning of the word, and as everyone gave a different interpretation, emptied the theatre to consult their dictionaries, and Sean O'Casey's name was made, especially in England where an Irish row is worth a ton of press notices.

Yeats usually stalks about the greenroom declaiming his theories of disciplining audiences to the proper appreciation of art in the theatre, while Lady Gregory, like an alert bird, sits picking up the crumbs as they fall so that they may enrich a future play—her eagle eye on those present watching their intellectual reaction to the words of her fellow-director.

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Yeats does not tolerate interruptions when he is developing his ideas, and has the distracted aloofness, the romantic figure and the calculated enunciation which have so effectively attracted people, like moths, to the flame of art he has helped to light on the banks of the Liffey. He is a man of gestures, mental and physical, and rules his satellites with a phrase and a sweep of the hand. One night a sprouting poet accosted him in the vestibule of the theatre, and presented him with a parody he had written on Yeats's famous poem, The Lake Isle of Inisfree. Yeats read, and then tearing the paper into small pieces, threw them into the face of the astonished parodist.

Lennox Robinson, another director, glides like a wraith from the stage to the auditorium, and, between handshakes, may be seen drinking tea alone, with an air of wonderment and detachment as if he were amazed at finding himself among real human beings in a real world.

During intervals the lobby is filled with people in a haze of cigarette smoke. T. C. Murray, the schoolmaster dramatist whose fine plays have been the backbone of the Abbey for years, beams on all. His latest play, The Lone Wolf, a tragic Hungarian affair, disappointed his admirers who would have him stick to the solid earth of County Cork whence he drew all his inspiration. In a talk on Murray with me, Yeats emphasized this point, and lamented the dimming of the author's memory of his native county with the passing years. They had Murray transferred to a school in Dublin, he told me, to enable him to study the theatre at close range. In time he naturally came to forget the hard life of the countryside which gave such reality to his early plays, and wrote only from his memory of it. Perhaps when he retires from school direction he will return to his native heath and write a fine play about the life he knew in Dublin. The three plays which have established his reputation as a sound dramatist are Maurice Harte, Birthright, and Autumn Fire, which sucessfully stood the test of transplanting to London with an English cast, a sure test of worth.

A nightly visitor throughout the year is the architect who converted the morgue into a theatre retaining much of the original gloom. He is a regular encyclopedia of Abbey information, and I am sure in the theatre plans he made provision for the niche in the vestibule he occupies during intervals.

Lady Gregory seldom now graces the theatre with her presence. Her comedies are still regularly played to keep her memory green and the audience amused; they are mostly comic slices of country life, simple and ingenuous, "little plays for little people," as Edward Martyn once humorously described them to me.

Martyn, nearly immortalized by George Moore, was associated with the beginnings of the Irish Theatre movement, but parted from Yeats principally, I think, on account of his ultra-religious scruples. Exception was taken to Yeats's Countess Cathleen by rigid Catholics, and Edward folded his manuscripts and departed lest contamination should jeopardize his eternal salvation. In conjunction with Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett, both executed as signatories of the republican proclamation in 1916, he then founded the Irish Theatre in 1914, with myself as manager and producer, to stage non-peasant plays and foreign masterpieces. In spite of all the tragic happenings we kept on until 1918, when we were practically forced to evacuate.

Martyn almost resented strangers coming to our little theatre, but was always excited when any of "the hairy fellows" turned up. (Thus did he refer to the highbrows.)

Strangers when they first behold the natural acting of the Irish Players usually go into ecstasies of praise. This surprises local people who are not really conscious of such perfection in their midst; but most of all are the players surprised, for they have had no real training beyond having their natural talent harnessed by intelligent direction. The holding of the mirror up to nature is the actor's best guide, and this, with the Irish distaste of artificiality, produces the natural effects so profusely praised.

The story of how one of the original players got into the Abbey is still told. He was a tradesman sent to do some job in the theatre, and was standing in the wings watching a rehearsal. The director, wanting a part read, handed the script by mistake to the astonished tradesman, who, scenting fame and glory, threw himself into the part, and has not worked since—at his trade.

The ticket checker at the Abbey is a most interesting and intelligent man with a good Teutonic name. He is the "oldest inhabitant" and has lately been invested with a uniform, much to his embarrassment. He talks lovingly of the good old nights when there were not a dozen people in the house, but nevertheless rejoices that the seed sown for twenty-five years now bears rich fruit, even though he "doesn't know half the people coming in these nights."

Much of the success of the Abbey is due to the intimacy existing between the players and the audience. Each plays its part and beneath any petty jealousy and criticism there is a deep-rooted pride in the theatre as an institution which has put Ireland on the theatrical map of the world.

The Abbey now enjoys a state subsidy and is comparatively on easy street with its struggles over and the battle won, but the repetition of the popular plays which draw the crowds must be resisted. There are new writers in plenty and their work, though immature, must occasionally be produced so that their faults may be seen and corrected. The early attempts of O'Casey were altered by suggestions from the directors until they reached production stage. As Yeats told me: "O'Casey sent them in and we sent them back again and again until we got them right." That shows the true spirit of the theatre with an ideal, and the row over his new play hinged on O'Casey's refusal to submit to similar treatment.

Each play submitted, if it gets past the reading of the first director, is then read by the other three. I have heard complaints of long delays, but this seems inevitable, for Yeats winters in Italy, Robinson and Starkie undertake lecture tours lasting for months, and Lady Gregory lives away in County Galway.

Most people getting on in years love to recall the good old days, and there are many who hold that the original Abbey Players will never be equaled. They roll off names to maintain their case: the Fay Brothers, J. M. Kerrigan, Sara Allgood, Sinclair, Fred O'Donovan and the rest. All these have won fame on the stages of the world, but in the present Abbey company they have worthy successors. Barry Fitzgerald has all the attributes of the artistic comedian, and F. J. McCormack is a most resourceful actor, excellent in straight parts and rich in comedy.

As ever the men outshine the women. Perhaps the native restraint of Irish women prevents their abandoning themselves to the requirements of the stage. Whatever it is, they do not let themselves go with anything like the same spirit which marks the men.

With the disappearance, in time, of the present directors will the Abbey live up to the high standards set by them?

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE CASE OF MRS. DENNETT

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In The Case of Mrs. Dennett, (The Commonweal, May 22, 1929) you say: "There is room for legitimate difference of opinion regarding it." (her pamphlet.) Is there? Perhaps you mean legal. Surely you do not mean legitimate. Have you read the pamphlet? Are you like some of the editors who confess they have not read it, but denounce her conviction?

There is at least one paragraph in that pamphlet which is indefensible. It describes the sexual act. Is it not true that even one paragraph is enough to condemn a book? "Bonum ex integra causa; malum ex quocumque defectu." Imagine this pamphlet, with its diagrams, in the hands of a group of high school pupils! Would you give it to your children? Would a Catholic moralist permit a boy or girl to read it?

In your effort to placate the New Republic, you assure that anti-Catholic paper that Mrs. McGoldrick does not speak for the Church. Mrs. McGoldrick never claimed to speak *for* the Church. But she does speak *with* the Church. What she said is sound Catholic doctrine. If one can persuade an agent or a producer to refrain from an evil act, is he not bound to do so? And where he has succeeded, does he deserve stripes or sneers?

You claim that Mrs. Sanger has as much right to present or proclaim her ideas on birth control as Mrs. McGoldrick has to expose their fallacy. Have right and wrong, truth and error, equal rights? Then, you conclude, "It would be soothing to behold both relaxing into quiet meditation." Whom would it soothe? The editor of The Commonweal? The New Republic? Mrs. Sanger? The Catholics of New York? Really, your jibe is unkind, if it is not disloyal.

Would you have us forever be silent when platforms and papers swell with appeals and arguments for a cause which natural law and sound theology, not to say common decency, condemn? Is it right to sneer at the one woman whose brains and courage have done so much to nullify the influence of Mrs. Sanger and her followers?

It is possible to compromise truth in an effort to appear broad and liberal. May the Lord save us from "broad-minded" Catholics!

It is not clear that Dr. Keyes defends Mrs. Dennett, but he does seem to excuse her. We may not judge her intentions. No doubt, she did not intend to teach immorality. But the law deals with facts. In Mrs. Dennett's pamphlet there are at least three objectionable paragraphs. I am sure The Commonweal would not print them.

RT. REV. JOHN L. BELFORD.

(It is obvious that Monsignor Belford has completely misunderstood the editorial in question. In order to clarify our stand, we offer the following brief summary of our remarks not in the spirit of replying to Dr. Belford but in the interests of fairness. First there came a recognition of two facts: that champions of a "new sex morality" were making capital out of an alleged censorship, and that Catholics ought to oppose this "morality" to the best of their ability. In view of both these seeming truths, we said, remarks like those made by Judge Hayes in the Dreiser case are unfortunate. They are unfortunate because there is room not for a "new morality" but for a new concern with morality. In every country Catholic educators and leaders have discerned the problem of sex instruction. We believe their solution is the best. Mrs. Dennett's pamphlet offers another solution, repudiated by a Brooklyn jury. We declared that this ought never to have been offered for circulation through the mails, but held that in certain cases it might prove useful. We have never heard of a moralist who condemned the study of medicine either by those who wished to practise it or by those who needed to acquire knowledge of it for their own lives. Nor is the subject of sex morality sufficiently simple to permit solution through a few rigid ipse dixits. In the case of Mrs. McGoldrick, we were simply replying to a New Republic editorial criticizing a public statement that she had been able to prevent Mrs. Sanger from giving an address. That implies no criticism of Mrs. McGoldrick's work at Albany or elsewhere, which nobody attacked, and in the doing of which she is plainly within her rights. It is an altogether different matter to say that Mrs. McGoldrick, in preventing a Sanger address, was acting on behalf of the American Catholic Church. That would imply admitting that American Catholics, as a body, are trying to limit the existing rights of free speech wherever they can do so. Our remarks may have sounded like implied criticism of Mrs. McGoldrick but were not intended to be more than an opinion that the controversy between her and Mrs. Sanger is not solving the problem but simply kicking up publicity. We are, as we have said, profoundly opposed to Mrs. Sanger's very immature views.—The Editors.)

SEEKING THE LITTLE MEN

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal, Number 17, Volume IX, page 478, carried a remark about Father Schebesta leaving for the Belgian Congo for an intensive study of the pigmies living in that region. May I be permitted to add some information on the subject?

In a mission centre of such vast proportions, the incoming correspondence is enormous. There are letters of routine business but also letters of information, description of the various people, their customs, habits, language, writings, morals, ethics, etc. Then again objects are sent illustrative of art, of rarity, of life, of style, of weapons, etc. The anthropologic, ethnologic and philologic value of all this has not been overlooked. This society has consistently followed the principle of allowing the better men every opportunity for further study and graduate work in any of the sciences. The sciences mentioned have a peculiar value for direct and indirect application and aid in the missionary activities. Hence we need feel no surprise that this society today possesses a corps of trained scientists of world renown. There is the Reverend William Schmidt, S.V.D., who was selected by the Holy Father as the organizer and, later, director of the permanent Exhibit and Museum of Missionology. Father Schmidt is also the founder of Anthropos, a magazine that culls, evaluates and publishes the results achieved in the fields of anthropology, ethnology and philology. Then there are the Fathers Koppers and Gusinde, renowned for their investigations of the Fire Islanders, Father Dreichgauer, with an enviable reputation in the solution of Maya inscriptions and Father Schebesta, with his past successes and present attempts. This list does not exhaust the possibility of enumeration among the society itself,

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nor does it include the many other coworkers and assistants taken from most of the orders and societies working in the foreign missions, nor the imposing list of laymen also active in this work. A casual glance at a current number of Anthropos will disclose articles in English, French, Dutch, Spanish and German from many individuals and orders.

Man, his origin and development, has always been a question of paramount importance. The evolutionary school of ethnology went to extremes and predicated its fundamentals as follows: "The more primitive a man, the more closely will he be akin to animal." Even in books intended for children's reading we will find the exponents of this theory attempting descriptions about "glimmering of intelligence," the "dawn of the intellect" making of man but a higher, a civilized animal. But they neglect to indicate clearly that this is only a theory. Too many such conclusions are based on incomplete, hasty investigations; on armchair philosophy; on the confusion of the primitive with the degenerate; in other words, very, very many are but rash, superficial and illogical conclusions. Some are deliberately malicious.

With the advent of trained missionary scientists and the gradual accumulation of data and facts, fruits of long study, direct, tedious, patient activities among these people themselves, of laymen unprejudiced or blinded by preconceived notions, a new school came to life, enunciating this principle: the more primitive a man, the more he has been spared contact with civilization and culture, the more clearly and definitely does he possess an idea of a Supreme Being; real morals, ethics, altruism, even virtue—the more can he never be called other than Man.

Father Schmidt and his coworkers are convinced that the most primitive people, the real present-day survivors of the "earliest man" on earth, are the pigmies. The reason for this assumption can only be roughly indicated: 1. Fragmentary, probably related groups found far away from one another; 2. Extent of separation an indication of once being a numerous, farflung people; 3. Their culture, the most primitive, even Pre-Stone Age; 4. Their traditions, etc. Those desiring further details may find them in a volume published by Father Schmidt in 1910: Die Stellung der Pygmaean-voelker in der Entwicklungsgeschichte der Menschen (Stuttgart).

If an average-sized white man would stretch out his arm, the average pigmy man would hardly touch this extended arm with the crown of his head. The women are even smaller. And they tell us that such a tiny pigmy mother with her still tinier pigmy baby is one of the most sympathetic sights to be seen. They look at you with big, round eyes, childlike, trusting, once they know you. They are real children. And like children their contact with anything new or unknown simply fills them with inexpressible fear, and causes them to fly. Deep in the heart of the immense tropical and subtropical forests they have made a last stand against encroaching civilization, and there where man's foot has not as yet penetrated, they are to be found: in the Philippines, in Malakka, in Central Africa, the Belgian Congo, in some of the unexplored South Sea Islands, in the extreme tip of South America, etc. It is only a question of time before they will be gone entirely. Therefore Father Schmidt issued an appeal to the world for the protection and intensive study of this little people, for with their passing will go all possibility of our ever knowing about our own origin. The Holy Father heard—funds were immediately forthcoming. And now as funds are made available from here and there the coworkers and friends of Father Schmidt are actively studying these people, appreciating them the more they know them—above all, returning with the intensest sympathy for these, "the children ancestors of the human race."

Father Schebesta, aided by the Holy Father, spent twenty months in Malakka living with them, talking to them, observing. Two volumes are the results of this expedition. Now, again subsidized by the Holy Father, with the aid of other real friends among whom is the Belgian government itself, he has gone to make contact with another fragmentary group in this chain of evidences that is being gathered. In the meanwhile Father Schumacher, O.Sp.S., is busy among them in the forest depths of Cameroon, Africa (also aided by the Holy Father). Dr. Lebzelter, curator of the Anthropologic Museum of Vienna, has just returned from two and one-half years among the Bushmen—distant relations of the pigmy. Others already work here and there, and it is all being centralized in the hands of Father Schmidt—plans, accumulated evidences, new projects.

Father Gusinde, S.V.D., one of the investigators of this group, or related group, spent three and one-half years among them in Tierra del Fuego. Now Father Gusinde had to go to Modling to take Father Schebesta's place on the editorial staff of Anthropos during his absence. While in Chicago he outlined what is here indicated. Speaking of the extreme shyness of the pigmies he observed that, if an expedition, say like Byrd's to the Antarctic, were to reverse its direction and try for the little people, the first sneeze of the first member would be enough to send every pigmy in that county into the next county. Only an individual establishing himself as trustful, possible, will ever see a pigmy—and at that he will spend a long, tedious time until he is rewarded with the opportunity of visiting one of their semi-permanent grass huts. Alone, as an individual is his only chance—and slim at that—yet that is why Father Schebesta goes to the Congo.

REV. HENRY RETZEK.

THREE-CENT SUGAR

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I am in receipt of the issue of The Commonweal for May 29, containing an editorial, Three-Cent Sugar, wherein the writer, after commenting upon my bounty proposal, finds fault because Wisconsin has a law regarding child labor in the beet fields. It is the first I knew of it, nor is it at all material.

I am opposed to any tariff increase on sugar, whether produced in Wisconsin or any other state, because of the heavy burden on consumers who will pay $12.00 for every dollar that gets to weak sugar mills. Less than 8 percent of all sugar consumed by us is produced by these weak mills and any sugar company in Michigan, Colorado or Wisconsin that employs immature children or convicts proposed in Michigan Press has no proper labor to protect. To draw comparisons between state laws as a smoke screen is only to justify indirectly what any impartial study will disclose is an indefensible 40 percent increase in the sugar tariff.

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES A. FREAR,
Chairman, Wisconsin Republican Delegation.

The title page and index for Volume IX of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume IX in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Revival of Becky Sharp

PERHAPS no commercial manager—not even George Tyler himself—could have produced a more completely satisfying revival of Langdon Mitchell's Becky Sharp than The Players Club, this last week. What a pity that the conditions are such that this delightfully rounded bit of work could last but one short week! Even in the large spaces of the old Knickerbocker Theatre, it played to capacity and even to standing room. A consecutive month would hardly have provided enough people the chance to see what a really capable group of artists, giving themselves with sheer devotion, can do, not only in acting, but in direction, stage-setting, incidental music, costuming and inner spirit.

The very name of the play, of course, brings Mrs. Fiske to mind—even to the minds of those (like myself) so unfortunate as never to have seen her in the rôle of Becky. September, 1899, was the date of the first production, and its last New York revival with Mrs. Fiske was in 1911. Tyrone Power, George Arliss and Henry E. Dixey are a few of the illustrious players who have taken the part of Lord Steyne, and Rawdon Crawley has had the talent of Maurice Barrymore, John Mason and Henry Stephenson. But Mrs. Fiske is the name that endures above all others, and were it not for the living evidence of the present revival, one might be tempted to think that her inimitable skill rather than the play itself was the cause of its long and persistent popularity. But Langdon Mitchell now shows more clearly than ever his right to be considered the only successful dramatist of Vanity Fair. The piece has splendid vitality today, and although the author gave the Players free rein to make any needed changes and modernizations of the script, rumor has it the version now presented is very close to the classic original.

Becky is one of the few period plays which one feels could easily stand the test of a presentation in modern dress. The famous scene of the Brussels ball during the Battle of Waterloo would, of course, present real difficulties. But that is not my point. The essential modernity of the piece lies in its spirit—in that quality which makes a play truly universal because not unduly bound to fleeting conventions. Here and there, as embroidery, one could pick situations which might not have the same impact on a modern audience as was originally intended. But basically, the story of the gold-digger and snob married to the reckless spendthrift fits almost any age and almost any country except the deeply oriental. Possibly the modern systems of credits and collections would make it a trifle more difficult to "live well on nothing a year," at least to live so indefinitely. But almost any edition of the daily newspapers will give us a replica of the Becky story in its final washing out in court or in grim tragedy. Irresponsibility, social ambition, ruthless hypocrisy, the results of an overplayed hand, the reckoning which society demands, the emptiness of small victories—what are all these but the stuff of the game as played today? There are, to be sure, deeper currents at work now—currents turned and twisted by religious confusion, by lack of accepted moral authority, by fatuous experiments reaching to the depth of human life and social organization. Perhaps the truly modern play should concern itself with these things rather than the surface of the everlasting Vanity Fair. But there are still thousands, even millions of people, who pass their whole lives without so much as suspecting the deeper currents, or who, suspecting them and failing to understand them, use them merely for inane conversation at the feast of petty ambition. Vanity Fair does not attack any typical problems of today, but for that very reason it penetrates more fully into problems which are of today, of yesterday and of tomorrow. Call it a play of eternal petty tragedy, and you will see why it is so intensely modern. It is the petty tragedies which fill life without filling it full—thin measure for the Olympians, turmoil aplenty for the run of men.

The present production is notable for many things. First there is the direction of Dudley Digges. His skill in handling groups was never better seen than in the Duchess of Richmond's ball, where the sway and movement of the dancers and the gamesters was set in counterpoint to the emotional play of individuals. This scene constituted a true example of orchestration of characters, carried swiftly to its dramatic conclusion without obvious trickery or exaggeration. Then there were the settings by Robert Edmond Jones, conceived and executed with that illuminated atmosphere which he knows how to create better, perhaps, than any scenic artist of today. His rooms always tell you the story of the people living in them long before any character speaks. They are a veritable prologue, uttered in a brief space after the rise of the curtain.

In the matter of acting, the Players have seldom been more fortunate. Heading the list was Mary Ellis—plunging bravely into the rôle which one might almost call the private property of Mrs. Fiske. I suspect that Miss Ellis's performance on this occasion has set the seal of superlative excellence on her work for good and all. Her Becky exhibits a complete range of expression from malicious comedy to the tragedy of defeat and moral decay. It would be difficult to find in the work of any younger actress so wide a range handled in every instance with such complete and honest artistry. Miss Ellis's work has, above all, that rarest of combinations, intuition and intelligence. The scholarly mind on the stage is apt to result in reverent dulness. Miss Ellis never makes her fine intelligence obtrusive. It merely presides, with nice judgment, over characterizations illuminated by swift and glamorous intuition.

The classic rôle of Lord Steyne was played with duly sinister restraint by Moffat Johnston. His presence, from the second act on, pervaded the play like an evil portent. Patricia Collinge, as Amelia Sedley, gave one of her self-effacing performances in which rare skill conceals itself perfectly under the mantle of the mouse. The older generation fairly bristled, with two such characterizations as the Miss Crawley of Cecilia Loftus and the Sir Pitt Crawley of James T. Powers. A word, too, should be reserved for Helen Freeman, in the almost silent rôle of the Duchess of Richmond. It was a case of sheer stage presence holding together a kaleidoscopic scene. Arthur Hohl as Pitt Crawley and Donald Brian as George Osborne were more than acceptable, leaving Ernest Cossart, as Joseph Sedley, to give the cross strokes to an almost perfect etching. Finally, we had the intelligent and expressive performance of Basil Sydney as Rawdon Crawley. Mr. Sydney's work of late years has been a constant progress from heavy mannerisms to fluid ease. He has always shown fine sincerity with moments of real power. Today he has achieved versatility as well—an uncommonly capable actor.

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BOOKS

Britain in Review

The History of British Civilization, by Esme Wingfield-Stratford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes, $12.00.

IN A prologue evidently intended to be read, Dr. Wingfield-Stratford, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, tells us something of the motives which induced him to undertake the nine years' labor of research which resulted in these two fine volumes:

"My object was to write the sort of history that since my undergraduate days I have wanted to have on my own shelves. I say this in no spirit of ingratitude for the treatises and compilations with which they are already loaded, and in which the results of modern research are embodied. But these, however valuable in themselves, strike one rather as disconnected, and proportionately meaningless fragments of a story that yet remains to be told, the story of British or of world civilization, the biography of mankind, presented in all its length and breadth and depth as a living unity."

With such a program in hand, Dr. Wingfield-Stratford might have been pardoned some abbreviations. Beginning, however, with the Stone Age, he continues relentlessly until a final chapter touching upon the Triple Entente. It is manifestly impossible within the compass of an ordinary review to pass any detailed judgment upon so ambitious an undertaking. To whom may it safely be recommended? First, to anyone desiring to renew acquaintance with the best reading regarding English history; secondly, to that increasing class in whose appreciation history can be considered entertainment. A certain charm of style and the free use of familiar language removes much of the awe-inspiring character common to such works.

Dr. Wingfield-Stratford attributes to Norman Catholicism the renewing of a certain spirit of solidarity with the continent, and the broadening of the contact of England with her European neighbors. To this same influence, notably the Cluniac as developed under the old monastic rule of Saint Benedict, he generously admits another somewhat unusual virtue: that of maintaining the spirit of democratic ideals in the face of royal absolutism. In Thomas à Becket he finds a brave champion against the fiat of King Henry, that "sons of villeins should not be ordained without the consent of the lord on whose land they are known to have been born." But it is in an essentially mystical rather than democratic character of the race that the author of The History of British Civilization finds cause for the earlier divergencies with Rome, and their passion for "self-government."

The earliest disturbances directed against the church in England appear, however, to have had for their basis economic rather than doctrinal reasons. As early as the end of the fourteenth century the people rose against the priests, as against the lawyers, "not for any religious reason but because the great monasteries were the hardest landlords." Thus the monks of Saint Albans were solemnly forced to renounce their chartered monopolies at the same time that the Temple, the headquarters of the legal class, was raided and sacked by a tumultuous mob.

The coming of the Reformation and the dawn of Protestant civilization opened a new chapter in England's relations with modern Europe. In his treatment of the Reformation, as in other controversial subjects, the author is eminently fair and objective. Departing from the usual Protestant thesis he maintains "that there is no need to look for any sensational scandals to account for Henry VIII's suppression of the great religious houses, other than such isolated cases as those noted by Erasmus and in the pages of Bishop Nicke and Archbishop Morton's reports." The struggle in England seems to have been political rather than religious. From being "the one sovereign in Europe to have taken the Pope seriously as the Father of Christendom," Henry VIII ceased to be "the Defender of the Faith" and turned his energies to being an English king. He was, however, but following the tradition of isolation and separatism which Dr. Wingfield-Stratford sees as the outstanding characteristic of his race.

The crisis of the Reformation was also a crisis in the history of the common law. The revival of Roman law had "already captured France and was to make a conquest of Germany." In England at the close of the fifteenth century "the law common to all England" had accumulated a weight of authority that "baffled the wit of man to adapt it to the requirements of the time." To the logical Latin intelligence it was but a thing "fit for barbarians and madmen," and as Reginald Pole maintained, it was "without order or end." Yet it had one virtue as a system that endeared it to all Englishmen, it was essentially English, and the outgrowth of English customs. In his praise of the laws of England Sir John Fortescue upholds it as "the base of constitutional monarchy and freedom," and ascribes to its virtues the curious advantage that the French were reduced to such a state of chicken-heartedness that "they have not even pluck to pursue the good old English calling of highway robbery." Even this was an advantage over the crushing Roman legal system that obtained on the continent.

Such a system, of course, could only be made to work by means of remedies essentially English in their nature. Thus, rather than change the custom of the land, it became the king's prerogative to find a summary remedy through the jurisdiction of the chancery courts. This in turn led to the "prerogative jurisdiction" which in later days made the procedure of the Star Chamber so hateful to Englishmen. But as the author points out in his notably interesting study, in spite of the fact that the common law was disorderly and illogical "it eschewed generalization . . . and started not from the abstract privilege of the sovereign, but from the concrete liberties of the individual." It has therefore withstood both the logical superiority of the Roman system and the danger of reform which arises from the new enlightenment with its notable "bias toward the classics."

WILLIAM P. CRESSON.

The Attic Mind

Greek Thought, by Léon Robin; translated by M. R. Dobie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.50.

WHEN Léon Robin first published La Pensée Grecque in the French collection, L'Evolution de l'Humanité, his book achieved instantaneous recognition among students of Greek philosophy. Since then it has become one of the standard works on the subject. It is gratifying, therefore, to get this book in an English translation. The translator has not succeeded in giving us anything better than a readable version of the original —but then, Professor Robin's fluid French is not easy to do into idiomatic English.

Unlike the majority of works on the history of Greek philosophy, Robin's book begins with the beginnings. The remote origins of Greek thought in the Homeric poems, in Hesiod, in the maxims of the Seven Sages and in the fables of the legendary

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Aesop are too frequently passed over without notice or comment. Professor Robin does them fair justice in his opening chapter. He maintains the rather unusual, but perfectly correct, thesis that Greek philosophical speculation began (as far as history can determine) with an attempt to ascertain the moral demands of common thought and not with the effort to systematize reflections on the nature of the physical universe.

With the instinct of the true historian, Robin does not endeavor to fit the phases of Greek thought into a preconceived scheme of uniform development and progress. Where there are logical lacunae in the sequence of thought throughout the period, he makes no attempt to fill them in, neither does he strain to make the opinions of individual thinkers coherent where the obvious thing to do is to recognize their inconsistencies.

The author is avowedly sympathetic toward the Platonic outlook and, no doubt, his treatment of Aristotle is colored by this attitude of mind. Still, that is a problem which will continue to vex the minds of scholars until the end of time. Whether W. S. Gilbert was right or wrong about every baby born into this world alive being either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative, there seems to be no possible, probable shadow of doubt that, at least, every student of Greek philosophy is either an Aristotelean or a Platonist in mentality. Had death not deprived the learned world of that eminent scholar and dyed-in-the-wool Aristotelean, John Burnet, the interested public would have witnessed a lively tilt on this very question between him and Paul Shorey, the vigorous Platonist of Chicago. Arrangements had been made for a debate between these two great authorities to take place some time this year, with Professor G. S. Brett, of the University of Toronto, as chairman and umpire.

There is one important phase of the whole problem of Greek thought which one seldom or never finds discussed in works of this kind. I refer to the isolation of Greek philosophy from the life of the people, and the smallness of its influence on the religious convictions, customs and practices of the Greeks as a whole and even of the philosophers themselves. The Pythagoreans may be considered exceptional in this regard but they formed a religious community rather than a philosophical sect. The schools of Hellas appear to have been the resorts of a few intellectuals who pursued learning in an esoteric fashion without feeling its influence to any great extent upon their lives as citizens and members of the body social, and still less endeavoring to influence the lives of their fellow-citizens by their speculations. Robin is as silent on this question as other historians of Greek thought. Yet the work of Professor Gilbert Murray on The Religions of Greece might be profitably used to throw some light upon the relations between the beliefs and the philosophy of the Greeks.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

In Several Keys

Musical Discourse, by Richard Aldrich. New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.00.

TO BROWSE through the table of contents of this collection of papers on music evokes that Bergsonian title of Marcel Proust's novel, Of the Remembrance of Things Past. For such titles as Program Music; Wagner and Brahms on Each Other; Camille Saint-Saëns, recall to mind waters of doctrine that have long since passed under the bridge and into the silent sea of a category defined once and for all and hence no longer stimulating to thought—although they remain fatally seductive for reflection. Usurpations of the Ballet, another title, fairly yanks one back with a jolt to those armchair days when the urbanites of the late Brander Matthews hit our fathers clean between the eyes for another step forward as soon as they recovered. These titles are as reminiscent as a piece of lace from an old bureau drawer, aromatic with sentiment, and they exert a very definite if delicate charm on the reader. Otherwise, I suppose, in this day of men up and doing, reshaping the world in their own image, this discourse of a music critic of a past day is of no importance: willynilly, wheat supplies nutrition to the body, otherwise it is of no importance.

If I have implied that these essays belong to another and gentle day I should like to guard against the second implication that they are thus barren of information vital to the current generation of concert devotees: for the distinction—and a very broad one it is—lies in the fact that Mr. Aldrich represents the academic point of view in its virtuous and noble estate. He is not the disputatious reactionary; he discusses rather than disputes, after the style of the best French traditions, and the reader is the wiser as well as the happier for having read.

Most of these papers appeared during the author's long editorship of the music page of the New York Times, to which he still contributes an occasional Sunday sermon. While the outstanding quality of the book is not its provocativeness, there is an occasional lance broken, on program music, the modernizing of Bach and the "usurpations" of the ballet. The first and second of these issues are long talked out, affording only parlor interest for tea-time discussion; but a somewhat different tale of later vintage hangs by the dancing usurpers. Mr. Aldrich's resentment, no doubt aired before the war in the Times pages, is aroused by the miming of Schumann's Carnival, Beethoven's Seventh, Scheherazade and Debussy's Faun, by the then fashionable Russian dancers, Pavlowa, etc. But those Russians had at least a leg to stand on, in that they offered technical equipment in the service of Euterpe; while such dancers as the tragic Nijinski, and Bolm were artistically unassailable.

What has come about during post-war years, however, is a horde of dancing egos without even so much as a smattering of technique who roam over the field of music with the vandalism of naïveté. For some reason or other, they find a field-day in the new musical thought and are, by their obnoxious Terpsichorean comments, a growing thorn in the side of this school. These dancers have more theories than any group of earnest poets or musicians at a Village café—theories as vapid as they are numberless, but put forth with all the boldness of the astrologers and other faddists. Mr. Aldrich's characteristically restrained arguments against the earlier dancers hold good today as never; says he: "To 'dance' it [Schumann's Carnival] puts it on the same plane as those picture newspapers for people too indolent or too ignorant to read." Nor will we find, he continues, any suggestion of lust in Debussy's great orchestral masterpiece, The Afternoon of a Faun.

Some informative and entertaining musical Americana are contained in chapters on Adelina Patti in America, Franz Kneisel, Henry Edward Krehbiel, the late music critic of the New York Herald Tribune, whose voluminous comments carried on the musty aspect of academic musicology, and Theodore Thomas, whose iron will and equally iron constitution stood him in good stead in his pioneering activities in the cause of symphonic music in America.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

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Memoirs of New Hampshire

Memoirs of a Gothic American, by Anna Kavanagh-Priest. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE quality and value of this book can best be indicated by quotations. Its jacket tells us that "it is the story of how—out of the varied, often incongruous materials furnished by ancestry and experience—a unified personality is developed, a soul is made." This "personality" presents herself, in Prelude, as an observant teacher-housemother in a girls' seminary, purposing to "beguile your interest now in herself, and later in her tales of certain very young women who held the stage in . . . the declining years of the nineteenth century and the . . . youth of the twentieth." She takes us, now, only to the black moment when, with brilliant intellect destined by her loved father to receive college training for fine ends, she faces the collapse of all such hope caused by his sudden death, which leaves her without sympathy or love from her surviving relatives.

What further trials turned this vehement girl into the "faded, shabby boarding-school drudge" who none the less declares herself to be possessed not only of "an inner treasure . . . which has always brought to me a certain poise and peace," but also of incurable romantic zest for life, we are not told. Nor are we given any taste of the "comedy and romance" her Prelude promises, concerning the careers of certain pupils, who were "each significant of forces that have entered into and are transforming that America, a phase of which I, as a descendant of the first New England settlers, may fairly be supposed to represent in survival form."

The book thus rouses expectations which will be satisfied only if it proves to be the opening volume of extended Memoirs, to which this picture of a girl's life fifty years ago on a New Hampshire farm will seem an essential introduction, showing how qualified she is to represent "the spirit of New England forbears" as it endeavors still to guide and guard the destiny of the inchoate people it started, buoyantly, to shape to transcendental ends. The reader becomes vividly aware both of the dignity, in work and life, with which a fine succession of idealistic landowners had cherished noble dreams, and of the alien influences swarming beneath their heights, which in the end negative their traditions. The reminiscences are unmistakably authentic, the recollection of emotional and mental processes being so keen that a contemporary, born to similar inheritance, relives in them her own experience.

What understanding will they win from high-strung youth today? Unless the driving power they reveal can be reharnessed for the use of souls which, like the heroine's, are called by generous impulses to do the Spirit's bidding, unafraid, this chronicle of its frustrated impetus will but intensify the trouble in which such now find themselves. The best of old New England thought became articulate in "my transcendental grandfather's" assurance that "on these universal forces, this brooding Over-Soul of things, we could always depend for the justification of our loftiest hopes and dreams. . . . Cruelty, malevolence, force, deceit, envy and avarice could and must be conquered. These vices were the cardinal crimes: the prime sins against the Holy Ghost. . . . To be guilty of them was . . . to frustrate the intention of God Himself. . . . For in every man lived a spirit, an image of God. . . . To look, therefore, with scorn upon another, to take advantage of his innocence and weakness to subserve your own ends . . . was to trample upon the spirit of the Most High."

But hear his granddaughter's conclusion on this matter: "Looking back. . . I have felt constrained to wonder to what extent . . . these teachings of my grandfather were merely a tragic, mistaken and romantic gesture. Though even as I write this, I am stabbed by a sense of departing honor . . . hopelessly as well as happily aware that, whatever the consequences, the moral world evoked for me first by him must forever remain the only world for which I can feel any genuine respect or allegiance. Over and over again have I staked my all upon its validity."

Is not the disillusionment in which descendants of the transcendental thinkers see honor—as they visioned it—departing from the world it fails to save, due to the unsubstantialness of "Over-Soul" as nourishment for men "called to be saints"? Does it, in truth, as this descendant testifies, require "money, your own or someone else's, to support that career"? It was by faith, not money, that saints of old sustained the light whose fading radiance inspired her youth.

MARGARET KENDALL.

Elizabeth's Fair Enemy

Mary, Queen of Scots, by Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert; translated from the German by Mary Agnes Hamilton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.00.

NOW that the wave of romantic biography has reached out with varying degrees of success to Henry VIII and the enigmatic Elizabeth, it is inevitable enough that it should lap the shores of their glamorous kinswoman, Mary Stuart. One wishes only that it might penetrate still further than the present volume, revivifying in her entirety that extraordinary woman who became a queen at the age of one week, an exile from her country when four years old, at fifteen the bride of Francis II of France, when scarcely nineteen a widowed monarch returning to rule for eight turbulent years over Scotland, from which she fled into the long English imprisonment that was to be "commuted" only by her execution at the age of forty-five.

Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert's work covers simply the time of Mary's official reign in Scotland, from 1561 to 1568; but as a record of crowded, tempestuous living, shot through with loves and hates and plots and wars, verily " 'tis enough, 'twill serve." Between the Sunday morning which—in the very teeth of John Knox's fulminations—brought back the girlish queen to her land of fog and feuds, and the fatal day when the distraught woman sailed away to seek refuge on English shores, lay four years of constructive work and four more of disintegration. During the first period, Mary's tact and patience, her good sense and good government—except in the alienation of the powerful Catholic clan of the Gordons—achieved marvels in welding together the rival factions of the Scottish lords. Those who resented a woman's rule discovered that she was as learned as she was lovely; those who barely permitted their monarch to hear Mass in her own palace, perceived that she persecuted no man for his religion and surrounded herself with Protestant advisers.

Then the smoldering question of the queen's marriage—almost as momentous to England, France, Spain and the Pope as to her own subjects—proved a very conflagration when her choice fell upon that sophomoric young egoist, Lord Henry Darnley. Her infatuation was quickly enough cured by his unfaith, but apparently it was not until the brutal murder of Rizzio and her husband's conspiracy just before the birth of their son that Mary was definitely disenchanted. Then came talk of an annulment, which many of her lords ardently

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wished; or of Darnley's execution, which they believed quite justified by his repeated treason—in the midst of which his lodging at Kirk o' Field was blown up by gunpowder. The present author shows with admirable fairness the impossibility of placing responsibility for a murder which practically the entire Scottish nobility desired, and which few would have been likely to censure had it not been for the unseemly haste of Mary's marriage to Bothwell. This time she loved éperdument; her subjugation to the masterful, unscrupulous earl was complete, and she reckoned with civil war as lightly as with the possibility of excommunication. But even after Carberry Hill, after Lochlevan and the final defeat at Langside, there were a thousand chances of retrieving her crown had Mary not, with her fatal genius for trusting those who could not be trusted, determined to seek shelter with her "good sister, Elizabeth."

In the vast objective detail of these 500 pages we find sometimes the brevity of official reports, sometimes imaginary conversations a little too colloquial to be quite convincing, presented with an impartiality which goes the final length of publishing the Casket Letters absolutely without comment! Possibly, where material is so controversial, we may wish our history and our romance somewhat more perfectly divided —or else fused. At least, we are rather glad this admirable work does not press on to the mystery of Mary's final years in England. But psychologically, the most interesting period of her life lay in that long confinement and eventual martyrdom which were to make of the wilful, exquisite woman one of the really heroic figures of history and legend.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Mysticism and Science

The Life of All Living, by Fulton J. Sheen. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

HERE is a new and quite palatable dish for the epicure—scrambled biology, metaphysics and theology. Upon tasting, the dish is pleasing and whets one's appetite for more, that is, if one is seriously interested in religion and its modern interpretation.

One can hardly say, however, that this latest book of Dr. Sheen's is on a par with his God and Intelligence, which really was a book of such high standards that it would be a superlative achievement to write another so strong. Still, The Life of All Living is stimulating, epigrammatic and in places eloquent and vivid. It is a collection of six essays upon the profoundest of themes, and one feels sometimes that the author tries to cover too much ground in the space that he allots himself, that his transitions from biology to religion are abrupt, and that his handling of the subject is too cursive and fragmentary. The book is not a treatment of biology or of metaphysics or of theology, but a combining, sometimes almost fantastic, of all three.

One sets out to read a more or less scientific treatise, but soon finds himself in the atmosphere of piety and mysticism, and is reminded of Saint Augustine, Thomas Aquinas and Emerson. As a piece of devotional literature, and as an exposition of Catholic doctrine, the book is satisfying; as an application of biology to theology it is a trifle strained. You are conscious that the author is trying to do the thing, and that it is a formidable task.

Still, it must be admitted that, to a remarkable degree, Dr. Sheen has accomplished his purpose. At least he indicates suggestive lines of study. He makes convincing his thesis that

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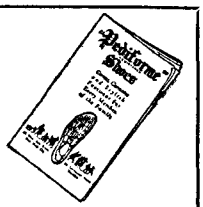

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"life is not a push from below but a gift from above," and he outlines certain accepted laws of biology showing clearly how they apply to the spiritual life of man—how they may be extended from the plant and the animal to humanity. Yet man is a distinct and unique being because he has a soul and possesses certain instincts and powers that are unknown to the lower orders of creation.

In the chapter paradoxically phrased The Death of Life, Dr. Sheen applies the principle that "life continues just as long as a higher kingdom dominates a lower kingdom," and insists that man's spiritual nature must dominate his lower animal and brute nature, else he must pay the price of losing his soul eternally.

Perhaps the chief merit of this book is its unique approach to the unchanging truths of Christianity, and its demonstration that the dogmas of the Church are not artificial fabrications of visionary minds, but are actual laws of the spiritual life that work out pragmatically in experience. He makes the Christian religion both scientific and empirical. His treatment of the Holy Eucharist is especially able, and his words throb with feeling and sincerity as he elucidates the doctrine of the Living Christ Who is the "Bread of Life."

One finishes the book convinced that science and Christian truth are not at war, that a theistic evolution is not incompatible with faith, and that biology supplements and annotates religion. Here is another Natural Law in the Spiritual World, and possibly more satisfying to a Catholic than Henry Drummond's epochal book of an earlier period.

A. LONGFELLOW FISKE.

Objective Fiction

Midwinter, by John Buchan. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN ANALYZING a predilection for the stories of Mr. John Buchan, one is inclined to question whether the liking arises because of what they are or, perchance, because of what they are not. Very probably in the decade which produced The Master of Ballantrae, The White Company, and The Red Badge of Courage, Mr. Buchan's special brand of foraying and of swashbuckling would have made him a lesser star in an overbright firmament. But at a time when Sabatini has long since run thin, when the silly introspections and pseudo-philosophizing of Trader Horn pass for adventure, and when detective stories afford the only antidote for those who long for objectivity after countless novels of vivisection, Mr. Buchan looms large. We like him because he is not subjective or self-conscious or confiding, because his characters, mostly extroverts, do what is at their hands to do without, like the poor author in Lavengro, wondering whether or not they themselves have made the decision. We like him because he is not at every turn exacting for himself our tired pity and overworked comprehension. And last of all we like him because *he* knows what he means and *we* know what he means, because with him we are not perpetually in some slough of bewilderment and confusion over the jots and tittles of an individual's reaction to something or other!

His Midwinter is a new edition, republished after six years. It records the 1745 uprising of the Scotch Highlanders under Prince Charlie to replace the banished House of Stuart, the march into England and the retreat. Its events center around Alastair Maclean, a follower of the young prince, but they include also none other than Mr. Samuel Johnson, tutor, Christian and poor soldier. Its setting is mid-England in late

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autumn, and much of its charm lies in the greenwood scenes in which the peaceful Spoonbills under Midwinter, their leader, help the honest and the friendly for the sake of the loyalties of old England.

The tale is full of atmosphere as such a tale must be, the atmosphere of great houses, of eighteenth-century inns, of outlawry, treachery, escape, pursuit, loyalty, and love, requited and denied. Mr. Buchan writes well. No one who has happily read The Path of the King, or Prester John, or Witch Wood can fail both to anticipate and to enjoy the easy variety of his sentences, the abundant and telling use of detail. Indeed, he writes so well that one becomes unconscious even of the mechanics of excellence, as is quite right in a good narrative.

Sir Philip Sidney in his Defence of Poesy writes of him whose tale holds "children from play and old men from the chimney corner." Not the least of the admirable features of all John Buchan's books is that they seize upon the imaginations of old and of young. Midwinter, like the others, is a book for reading aloud at home when the radio is quiet, the family car safe in the garage and the children gathered from the four winds of heaven. And, like The Path of the King, it is a story supremely fitted for school reading, outside or in. There was a time when teachers used to read aloud half an hour a day. Has that good custom, which could never corrupt the schoolroom world, gone the way of so many others?

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

The Lingo

Why Do You Talk Like That? Not to mention: Why Do You Write That Way? by Richard Burton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

AS THE title indicates Doctor Burton has, in this very readable book, frankly striven to popularize good English usage, both for speech and writing. While seeking primarily to interest and influence the general public rather than the scholar, he has shown no disposition to compromise scholarly convictions; but rather by reason of this thorough knowledge of his subject to point out a new freedom from hidebound grammatical traditions (largely based upon incomplete knowledge or else prompted by a desire to dictate rather than record usage).

Among the many grammatical idols shattered are the laws against a split infinitive and the ending of a sentence with a preposition. Both of these rules he considers right, provided that the meaning of the sentence is not made clearer by departing from them.

Dr. Burton has a great deal to say that is refreshing about the use of simple words of Anglo-Saxon origin and the avoidance of high-sounding words. Quite naturally he quotes from Bunyan, Fox's Book of Martyrs and the English Bible to make his point clear. We should be inclined to agree that if he is able to stimulate inquiry into these sources, even for reference, his book will not have been in vain. His plea for idiomatic expression and his condoning of even a happy bit of slang will be helpful, if tempered by good taste. This quality of taste, by the way, is apparent throughout his book, a fact which, coupled with a liberal knowledge of the sources of language, makes him a capable judge of good usage in many disputed words and phrases sprinkled through the book. A good guide in language (as far as it goes) for the man who does not know, by one who does.

FRANCIS T. S. POWELL.

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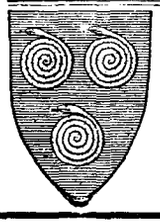

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Briefer Mention

Poetry of the English Renaissance; edited by J. William Hebel and Hoyt H. Hudson. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.00.

"ENGLISH RENAISSANCE" is the title being applied more and more widely to Tudor-Stuart England. It is correct enough in its way, though one must bear in mind the fundamental difference between what Italy was doing in the fourteenth century and what the English attempted in the sixteenth. Poetry in particular retained in the neighborhood of Oxford and Cambridge a spontaneity which is lost under the reign of the Florentine humanists. This fact is evident from the present comprehensive and very ably edited anthology. We have no other book which offers so attractive a panorama of verse from Skelton to Waller. Here are to be found copious excerpts from Tottel's Songs and Sonnets; rarities from contemporary manuscripts and anonymous books; fulsome selections from Daniel and the Fletchers; and a really prodigal wealth of Stuart song. The material is arranged in lucid historical perspective, and the notes are almost always admirable. It is easily the best volume of its kind and, though designed for general use in the college class room, we may be sure that it will doubtless find its way into numerous libraries.

An Outline of Aesthetics, by Irwin Edman, Henry Wells, M. Cecil Allen, Henry Ladd and Thomas Munro; edited with introductions by Philip N. Youtz. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $5.00.

WHAT the poet, painter, sculptor, the musician and the critic mean to the philosopher and what they can mean to the man in the street may be said to be the theme which unifies the five little books constituting this new outline. Thus Henry Wells appraises literary criticism, M. Cecil Allen the materials and methods of painting, and Henry Ladd the criticism of art. Irwin Edman discusses the relationship between art and experience, and Thomas Munro suggests how a "comprehensive program of research" might be followed in dealing with aesthetics. The books are expertly written, which is to say that they are informative, enjoyable and brief. Very large audiences have occasionally greeted the appearance of many and various kinds of "outlines" such as philosophy or history and so forth. A large number of them has been neither so profitable nor so pleasant to read as these.

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